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OCT. 3,
1936

Liberty

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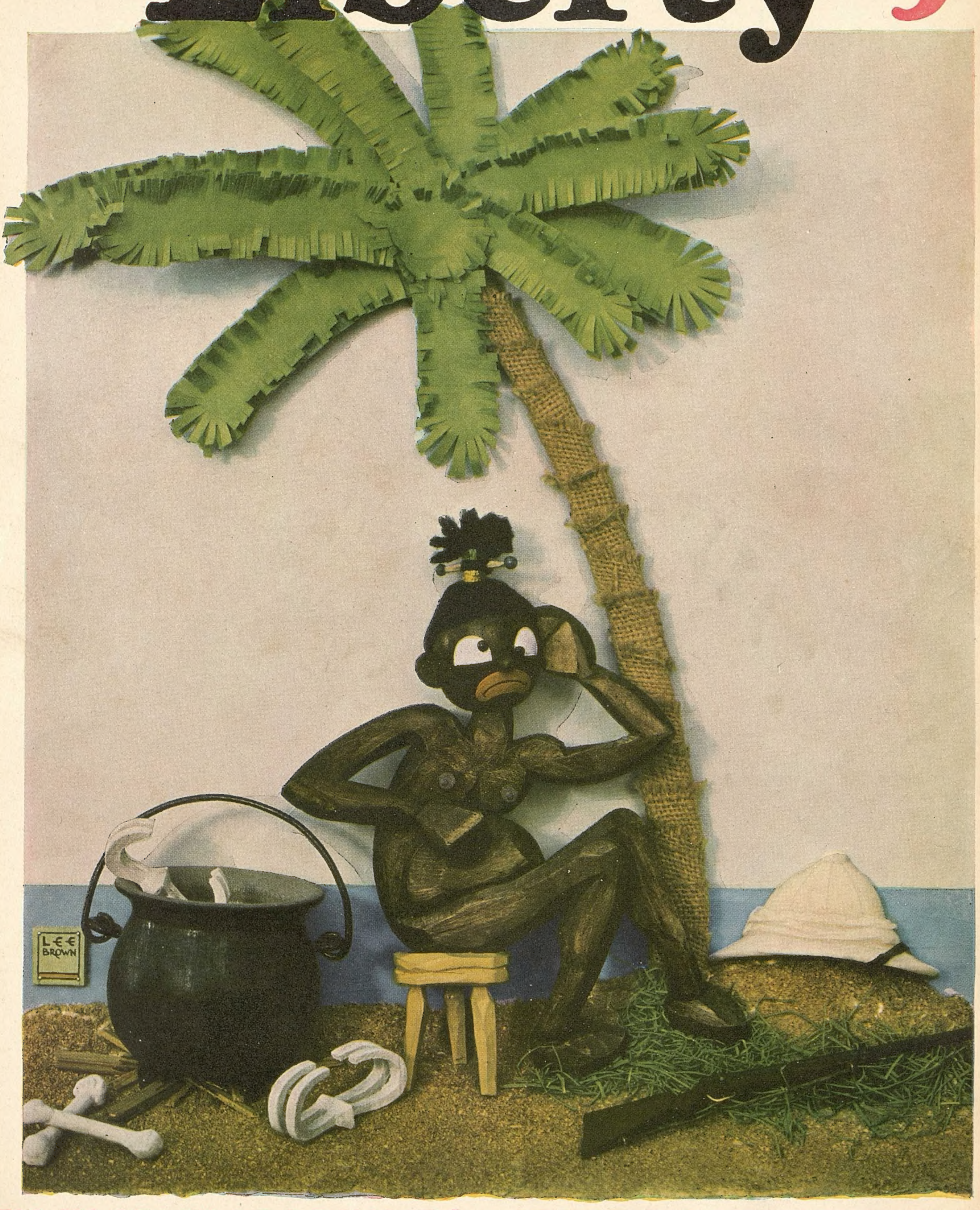

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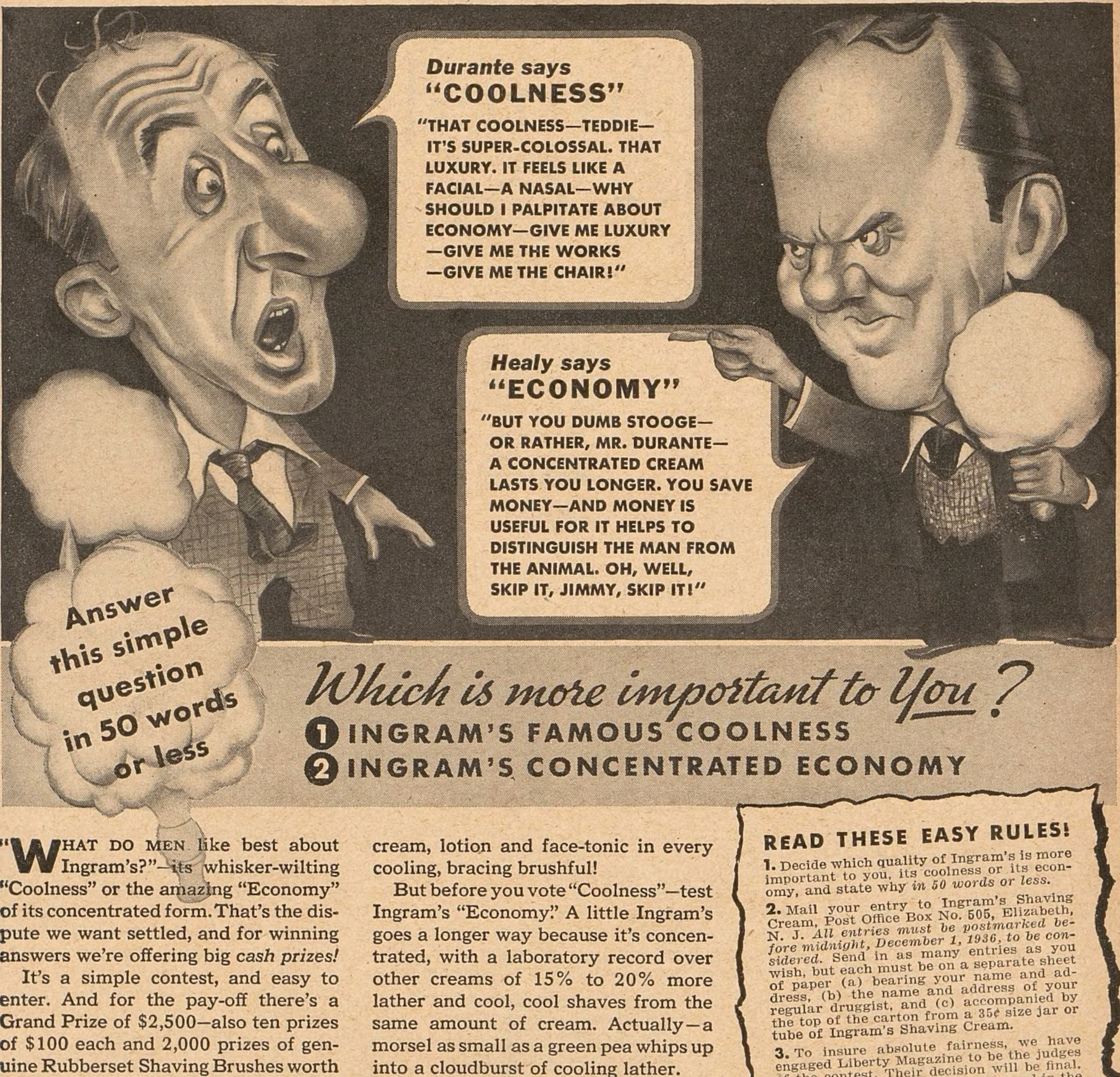
Durante says "COOLNESS" "THAT COOLNESS—TEDDIE—IT'S SUPER-COLOSSAL. THAT LUXURY. IT FEELS LIKE A FACIAL—A NASAL—WHY SHOULD I PALPITATE ABOUT ECONOMY—GIVE ME LUXURY —GIVE ME THE WORKS —GIVE ME THE CHAIR!"
Healy says "ECONOMY" "BUT YOU DUMB STOOGE—OR RATHER, MR. DURANTE—A CONCENTRATED CREAM LASTS YOU LONGER. YOU SAVE MONEY—AND MONEY IS USEFUL FOR IT HELPS TO DISTINGUISH THE MAN FROM THE ANIMAL. OH, WELL, SKIP IT, JIMMY, SKIP IT!"
Answer this simple question in 50 words or less

Which is more important to You?

1. INGRAM'S FAMOUS COOLNESS
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"WHAT DO MEN like best about Ingram's?"—its whisker-wilting "Coolness" or the amazing "Economy" of its concentrated form. That's the dispute we want settled, and for winning answers we're offering big *cash prizes!*

It's a simple contest, and easy to enter. And for the pay-off there's a Grand Prize of $2,500—also ten prizes of $100 each and 2,000 prizes of genuine Rubberset Shaving Brushes worth $2.00 of any shaver's money.

Coolness vs. Economy—that's the battle. Jimmy Durante says "Coolness." Ted Healy, feature player in M-G-M's "San Francisco," says "Economy." But don't take their word—get a jar or tube of Ingram's and write your own reasons.

The first snowy dab of Ingram's that nestles on your chin will make you rabid about Ingram's "Coolness." Its secret, triple-play formula gives you cream, lotion and face-tonic in every cooling, bracing brushful!

But before you vote "Coolness"—test Ingram's "Economy." A little Ingram's goes a longer way because it's concentrated, with a laboratory record over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and cool, cool shaves from the same amount of cream. Actually—a morsel as small as a green pea whips up into a cloudburst of cooling lather.

TRY INGRAM'S AND THEN TELL US! Get Ingram's today in the handy jar or convenient tube. Try this famous shaving cream and then send us your entry. Follow the simple, easy rules in the box to the right. Remember—*your face can't lose!*

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 505, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the January 30, 1937, issue of Liberty.

4. All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

A LITTLE INGRAM'S GOES A LONGER WAY BECAUSE—*it's Concentrated*

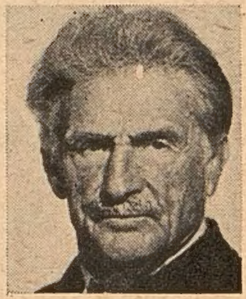
OCTOBER 3, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 40

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WANTED By the United States– A Debt Collector



BERNARR MACFADDEN

FOLLOWING the World War, our officials were so puffed up with our importance that they acquired the impression it was our duty to become godfather to war-stricken European countries. These devastated countries, especially France, Italy, and Germany, badly needed a Santa Claus, and we were a willing victim.

It is easy to play the part of a munificent benefactor with other people's money. We were rolling in wealth at the time. We were even referred to as the financial center of the world. There was a general inclination to consider even our enemies kindly after the terrific conflict.

We settled England's indebtedness to us on a fairly reasonable basis. We canceled all indebtedness for the billions advanced to France during the war, and loaned billions of additional cash for rehabilitation of that country.

We were also kindly disposed toward Italy. We loaned that country an amount which, with the accrued interest, totaled in October, 1934, more than two billion dollars. At that time England owed us nearly four and three fourths billions; while France's debt was nearly four billions—a combined total of more than ten billion dollars.

When you consider that the bill for this colossal amount of money has to be paid mostly by the working folks of this country, it is truly appalling.

England started to pay her indebtedness in a substantial manner. It was not until our present administration assumed office that there was any hesitancy in that country toward making annual payments on the principal and interest, totaling ninety-five million dollars.

Repudiation does not seem to worry France; for, notwithstanding our extraordinary liberality in canceling her debt for war loans, and loaning her billions following the world catastrophe, no payment has been made on principal and interest, which amounts to sixty million dollars annually.

Now, the amount due us from England is only two and three tenths per cent of her yearly expenses; from France only two per cent; and from Italy less than one per cent.

There is no excuse for these countries to ignore their indebtedness; but when they found that we made no special effort to force payment, they naturally followed the theory that they could " get away with it."

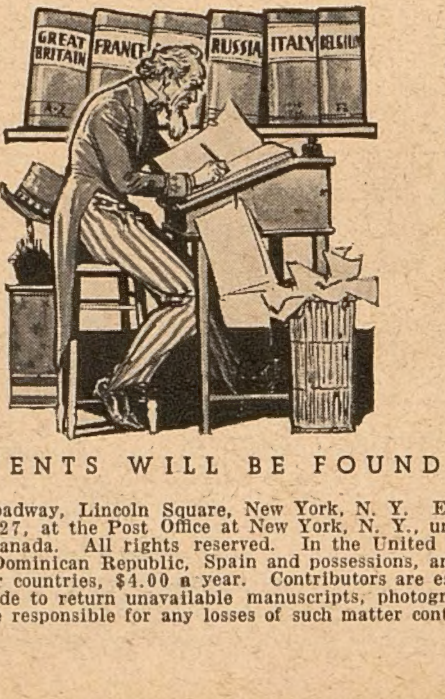
They apparently have no objection to American citizens paying their debts for them. For —it cannot be evaded—the money loaned these countries must be extracted from the American taxpayers.

We will all have to pay our share.

Our citizens will have to pay this more than ten billion dollars, divided among producers and workers.

When these nonpaying countries state that they cannot afford to pay their yearly quota, and when we know that the payments are such a small percentage of their actual yearly expenses, we have good cause for being indignant at the failure of our officials to make drastic efforts to collect this indebtedness. But let us assume that these alibis are really genuine—that they cannot send us gold, that we do not want their merchandise—it would still be easily possible to arrange payments.

Americans pay the British, French, and Italian steamship lines for transportation and spend after landing in those countries many times these annual war-debt payments. Now, suppose the countries owing this money should pay us in paper money, in accordance with the German plan. They could send us paper money to cover their annual indebtedness. This paper money could be sold to Americans taking out passports to these countries, at possibly a slight discount, and they could spend it over there. This plan would enable these countries to pay the debt without the transfer of a gold dollar or without a dollar's worth of goods; and, furthermore, the discount on their currency would probably induce many additional travelers to visit them. Therefore, such payments might really become a good investment.



This is a suggestion which the officials of this country ought to press with all the energy at their command.

These countries should pay their indebtedness to us. Our citizens are already loaded down with taxes, and to have to assume in addition payment of money that was loaned these countries in good faith represents an inexcusable hardship that we should not have to assume.

Bernarr Macfadden

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HELL in SPAIN as I SAW IT

READING TIME
10 MINUTES
15 SECONDS

Written on the Spot and Uncensored—A Vivid and Shocking Eyewitness Picture of All but Incredible Human Horrors that Have Darkened the Bloody Trail of the World's Newest Civil War

by a famous traveler, adventurer, and observer

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

IT was dawn. I was standing in a little village square, looking at one of the most horrible abattoirs I had ever seen. All about me rotting human flesh stank to heaven. Motionless bodies lay everywhere; no telling friend or foe. Vultures zigzagged between them; and big fat sleek rats scampered about with long pieces of purple flesh in their sharp teeth.

Every dwelling was at least pockmarked, and many were shambles. From second-story windows, bodies in collarless shirts were sprawled streetward. Below, some of the dead had fallen face downward, like the clown at the Hippodrome. Some lay on their backs staring into the hot morning sky. All were collarless; all oddly well shod; all covered with spurted blood.

Something was whimpering over there on the other side of the square. It sounded like a little child. I'd thought myself the only living soul in the place; but now I picked my way toward where the whimpering had come from. Rats had scampered out of sight, but the ugly red-necked vultures had simply strutted pigeonlike to better points of vantage. I noticed, as I'd been noticing in the past week in Spain, that the eyes of the dead were almost always the first to go. And then—

But the whimpering continued. Up a narrow ruined street I saw something disappearing into the village general store, whose shelves were still lined with goods. I stumbled over the body of a little girl in the cold arms of what remained of her seminude mother. The whimpering ceased, and a frightened white fuzzy spitz puppy ran

A Red amazon, a typical "hellcat, bloodthirsty as any of the men." Below: Soldiers and civilian volunteers before Madrid, fighting with up-to-date imported guns.

and buried its little head in the dead woman's breast.

Nowhere on earth—and I have done some roaming and some war-corresponding in my day—have I seen such slaughter and butchery, such savage venery and destruction as characterize the whole struggle in Spain. Not only is this revolt *from* Bolshevism something new politically, but it is also the most sanguinary religious war the centuries have seen. Wherever I went I realized more and more that the whole thing hinged upon the right of the individual to worship as he pleased, and of the Church to collect its dues. In town after town the essence of the fight is not so much Who shall be our masters? as it is the very question that was put to me each time I tried to pass a Rebel barricade: " Rome or Russia? "

The author (right) on the Hendaye-Irun bridge during the bombardment of Irun.

One night at Palou, near Barcelona, I heard a howling mob around a bend in the road. A few moments later there came straggling down the roadway a tattered rabble brandishing sticks and knives and rusty rifles. Some of them were bellowing the Internationale. With them were two oxen, and behind the oxen, chained and roped together, were three or four cowled monks, one of whom they had already beheaded.

Only the day before, at Ribas, I had been a witness to the bloodthirsty killing by Rebels of thirty or more Governmental sympathizers who hadn't been able to get away quick enough. A shell burst in the center of the town. A disrupted column of Rebel infantry began pushing its way in. They were singing Abide with Me, with Spanish words. Some peasants, seriously wounded by the bursting shell, began trying to get out of half-smashed doors and windows; whereupon, still singing the hymn, the Rebel youths dug their bayonets deep into these unfortunates' faces or chests. A moment later, a command was shouted in Spanish, and out of the village hovels came a dozen or more old souls, a few with guns and pistols. Without any warning whatsoever, these Rebel youths opened fire upon them, and they fell. Then a crew went around mopping up.

I asked General Mola about this when I had a brief chat with him near Pamplona, and his only reply was: " My men take no prisoners. We leave no wounded."

I found it quite impossible to get into many of the principal cities of Catalonia, where the Communists had established their provisional government. Nor was I able to get into Madrid proper, where I was told that great confusion reigned and that no journalistic passes were worth a whoop. Of course there are miles and miles of blisteringly hot open country where no fighting is going on at all; and as many miles of country held by the Governmentals, the Rebels, or the Communists, within which you are quite safe. Yet there are places where you never know which army is in command beyond the bend in the road.

THIS was especially true in the Pyrenees provinces. The Arneguy-Valcarlos sector, high up in the green Pyrenees, was ever so carefully watched at one time by the Governmentalists. They were afraid that ammunition and even troops were being smuggled from France to help the Rebels who were trying to encircle San Sebastian and secure control of Irun, Fontarabia, and the Bidassoa River which divides France from Spain. Learning of this, I took rooms in the Esqualduna Hotel at the French port of Hendaye, on the Bay of Biscay, half a mile from the Franco-Spanish frontier. I did it just in time, for the next day the ambassadors of eight foreign Powers and the ministers of three moved to that hotel from their summer embassies in San Sebastian. Sir Henry Chilton, the British ambassador, and our own Claude Bowers were among them. The Chiltons had had a miraculous escape. Lady Chilton is an American.

From the balcony of my room, through binoculars, I had a better view of the battle of Irun than I ever had when I managed to get into the little city! I soon found out that, although the Hendaye-Irun bridge was difficult to cross, it was fairly easy, in exchange for a few pesetas, to get into Navarre and to double back to the Irun sector—especially so at night under cover of darkness.

For days on end Oyazun was the target of both forces. Frightful outrages were committed there. Once I saw two monks who had been actually crucified. They had been hung on large metal crosses. Their faces were twisted as if the pain had been unbearable. Large railroad spikes had been driven through their shriveled stomachs; and dried blood covered their legs. There wasn't a house intact in Oyazun by August 5, and the church had been many times demolished. The dead, piecemeal, were all messed up among the ruins. One semifleshless hand stuck out of a pile of brick and stone with a little black crucifix and a gilded Christ upon it!

From the branches of a tree near the Sanat River bridge, on the outskirts of San Sebastian, the limp grisly bodies of two naked bronzed girls hung over the still-red embers of a bonfire. You could tell what had been done to them before they'd been hung there. Not even Nero in all his orgies ever did worse than that!

IN San Sebastian itself, it was comparatively quiet. If you had any money on you, you could always buy something to eat. In fact, I found *no* starvation anywhere in Spain. On all highways between cities were long lines of troops, food and ammunition trains, artillery, machine-gun batteries, and tanks. Throughout the Rebel regions these marching columns sang familiar hymns with Spanish words.

Grouped with the Spanish Rebel colors was a crimson flag with a wide stripe of yellowish gold. That, I was told, was the Rebels' new standard, and symbolized the " golden blood of Christ." Scores of crucifixes were carried at the heads of some of the columns of Rebels.

And I noticed that the Rebels were better trained than the Governmentals or the Communists. They had finer leather marching boots, better arms, and more ammunition. I was able to see some of their guns at close range—and most of these bore the trade-mark of a well known German arms manufacturer. At Rebel airports I saw young Germans strutting about giving orders in Prussianized Spanish to dark-skinned mechanics who were fitting bombs to the undercarriages of huge planes. Yet, the few times I saw these planes in action, the bombs fell far from their marks! Whether piloted by Spanish or Germans I was never quite able to make out.

On the other hand, I once got up on a ridge where some heavy artillery was working on Oyazun, this time in the hands of the Rebels, and noticed that the .75s were of French manufacture. The gunners wore French steel helmets dating from 1918.

Friends of mine on the French Riviera all hoped fervently the Rebels would win. They couldn't understand me when I told them the Rebels were just as bloodthirsty and savage as the Governmentalists or the Communists. And yet every day the local French papers were full of gory accounts of what both sides had been doing.

Much capitalistic money from foreign countries is flooding to the Rebels. And I'm revealing no secret when I say that the Cabanellas-Mola-Franco groups could not be better heeled. Certainly the former King of Spain in his exile has built up a fabulous sum for the side he believes to be in the right. Individuals everywhere have contributed heavily to his Rebel coffers.

Yet should the Rebels win, which I think is only a fifty-fifty chance, there isn't one possibility in ten that the Spanish royal family will be brought back. The Rebels themselves wouldn't stand for it. The government would be centralized. A strong man would be chosen from among them, probably Cabanellas. Short shrift would be given to thousands of the extremists. The Basque provinces and Catalonia would be whipped into line and kept so under the penalty of death.

The Government could win only with the help of the

Communistic regime in Catalonia, and from this some strong man would appear. Then the massacre of the Rebels would be even more ghastly than civil war has made it. Autonomous government would be granted to the Basque and Catalonia provinces; and there would arise from the whole melee something akin to the federated states of the U. S. S. R.

But to return to the chamber of horrors:

At Molins del Rey I saw a lot of tonsured monks being carried in a manure wagon pulled by a raving mob —of ragged *boys and girls*, mind you —through the village streets. Running along beside the wagon were little girls with pointed sticks, which they savagely jabbed into the monks' flesh.

A day or two later, in the Rebel stronghold of Burgos, I was told, though I did not see it, that Generals Franco, Mola, and Cabanellas had all been present at the lashing to death of five government spies. I did see the stakes, the marks of the thongs upon them, the dried blood, and five new graves.

That same afternoon at Marquina, held by the Governmentalists, I saw nuns shackled to one another's ankles being dragged by lively mules through the cobblestone streets, the whole tops of their heads ablaze! I was told they'd been dipped in kerosene and touched off with long white church tapers.

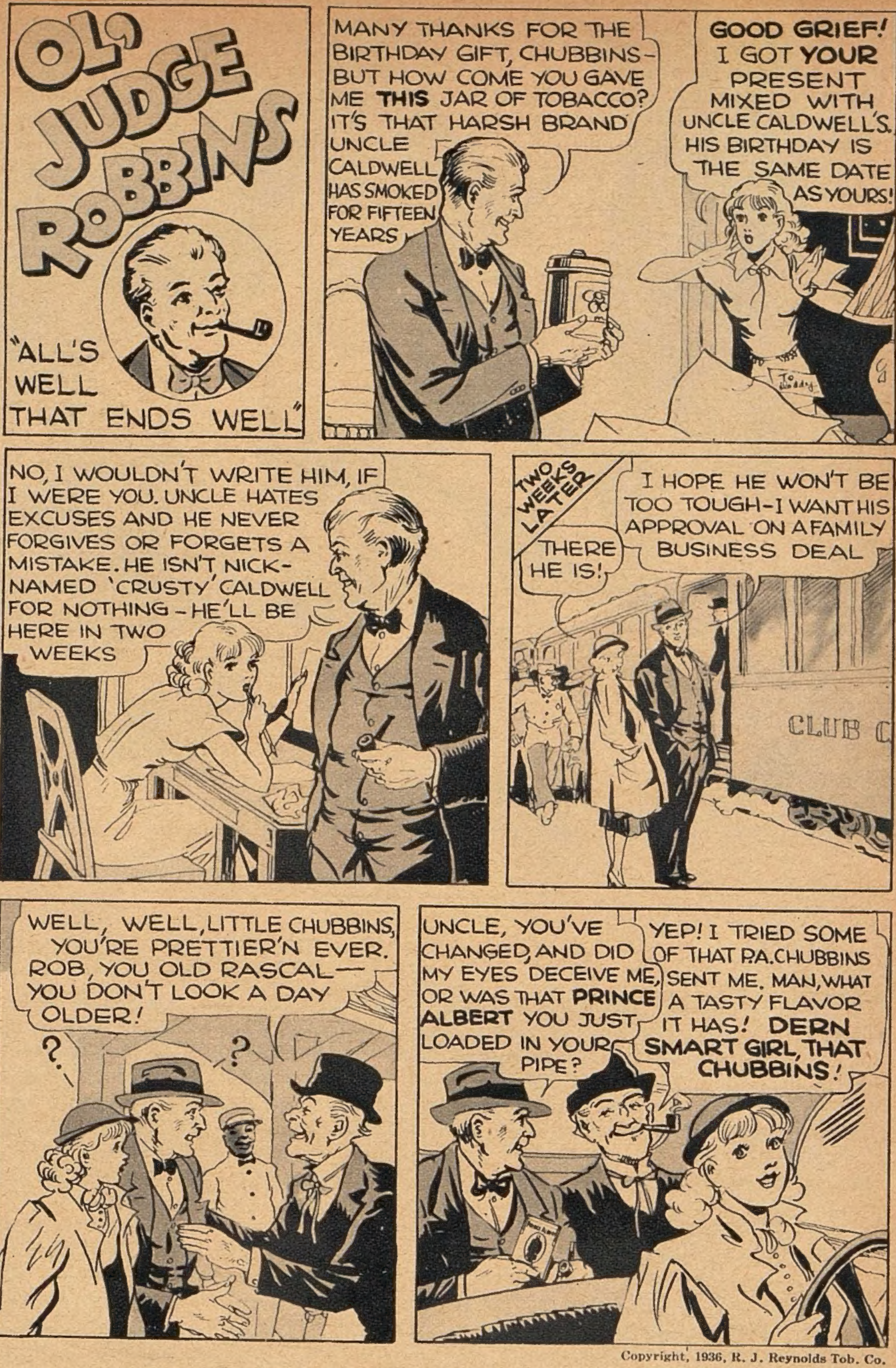
NOTHING seems too horrible, too monstrous for this people whose passions have been so cruelly unleashed. Everywhere throughout the countryside were evidences of outrage upon young virgins and upon nuns; evidences of the vice and filth of perverts and savages.

Time and again I encountered battalions of women as bloodthirsty as any men. The outskirts of Madrid were alive with these Red amazons, many of them actually stripped to the waist, carrying modern rifles, and with blood in their eye. One hellcat jammed a cocked revolver into my stomach. The next minute she covered me with garlicky kisses, and wanted me to write her " life story " for the American papers, so that she might land a job in Hollywood perhaps when the revolution was over!

In hamlet after hamlet the most pathetic sight of all is the little innocents—scores of them, running about searching in vain for parents who will never return. Tiny children scarcely able to toddle, with grimy faces smudged by tears, sleep exhausted in what once were doorways. Old people stumble about the remains of shattered shanties and do what they can for these little ones. In one such place I saw in a heap of bodies the armless, mutilated torsos of two little boys scarcely four years old.

The appalling fratricide of this nation gone mad will never, never efface itself from history. It is the Dark Ages come to earth again.

THE END


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL"
MANY THANKS FOR THE BIRTHDAY GIFT, CHUBBINS - BUT HOW COME YOU GAVE ME THIS JAR OF TOBACCO? IT'S THAT HARSH BRAND UNCLE CALDWELL HAS SMOKED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
GOOD GRIEF! I GOT YOUR PRESENT MIXED WITH UNCLE CALDWELL'S. HIS BIRTHDAY IS THE SAME DATE AS YOURS!
NO, I WOULDN'T WRITE HIM, IF I WERE YOU. UNCLE HATES EXCUSES AND HE NEVER FORGIVES OR FORGETS A MISTAKE. HE ISN'T NICK-NAMED 'CRUSTY' CALDWELL FOR NOTHING - HE'LL BE HERE IN TWO WEEKS
TWO WEEKS LATER
I HOPE HE WON'T BE TOO TOUGH - I WANT HIS APPROVAL ON A FAMILY BUSINESS DEAL
THERE HE IS!
CLUB C
WELL, WELL, LITTLE CHUBBINS, YOU'RE PRETTIER'N EVER. ROB, YOU OLD RASCAL — YOU DON'T LOOK A DAY OLDER!
?
?
UNCLE, YOU'VE CHANGED, AND DID MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR WAS THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU JUST LOADED IN YOUR PIPE?
YEP! I TRIED SOME OF THAT P.A. CHUBBINS SENT ME. MAN, WHAT A TASTY FLAVOR IT HAS! DERN SMART GIRL, THAT CHUBBINS!

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COOL, MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco.*" Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P.A. is swell roll-your-own "makin's" too.

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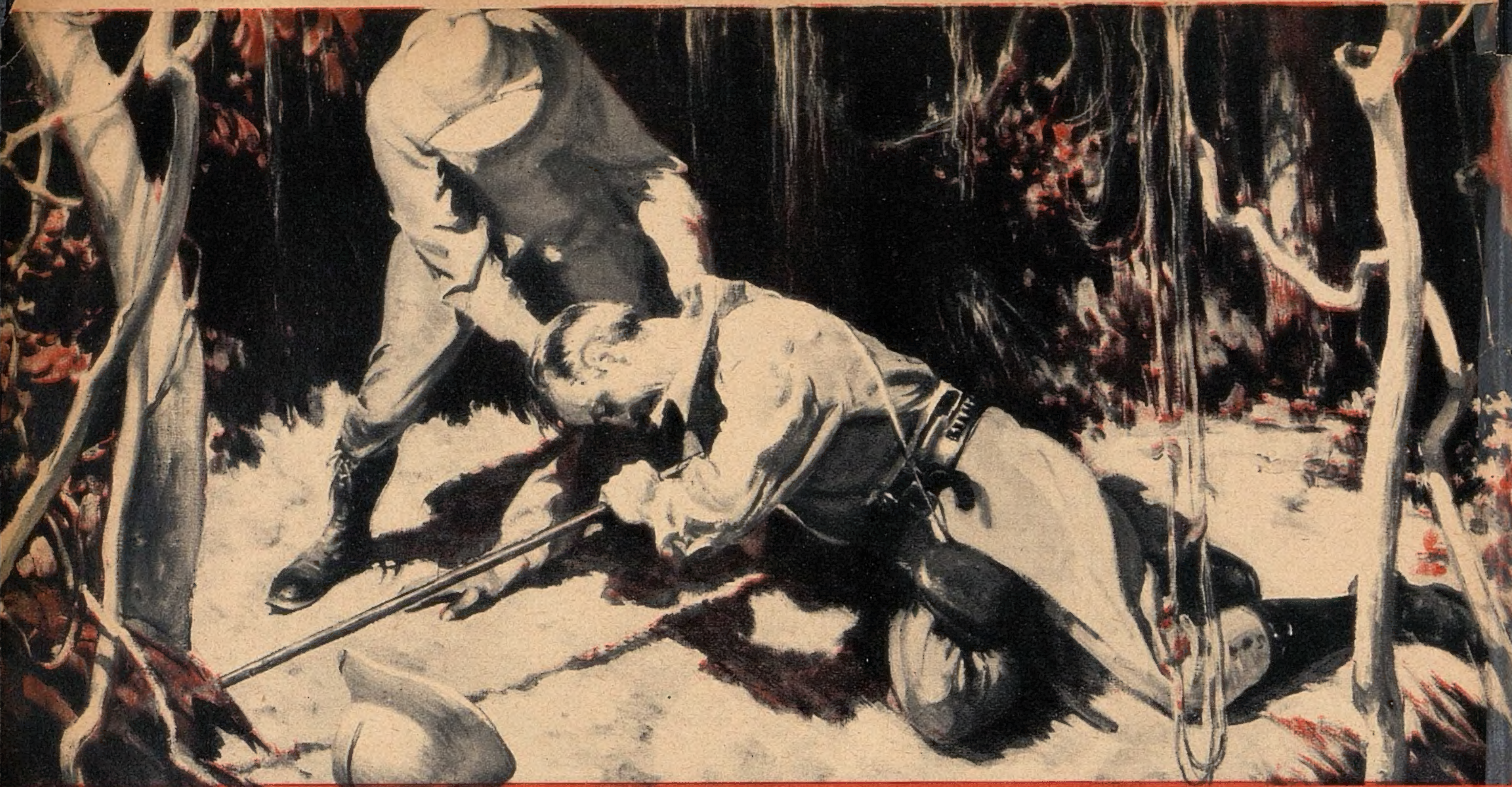
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert



The two white men were walking side by side. Then, suddenly, a rush of air, a spurt of steel,

A POPPING of champagne corks and clinking of glasses—a mingling of stale alcohol and tobacco and overspiced food—a sting of cloying, perspiring perfumes—a clashing motley of silk and lace and starched white linen mess jackets—a lurching of hot, hiccupy, lascivious jazz—a stumble of tinny, insolent laughter.

Stucco and tinsel. Gaudy, tawdry, rowdy. The Paradiso cabaret in full swing, blaring raucous symphony.

You went there almost instinctively, around midnight, if you were anybody at all, native-born Brazilian or foreigner, here in Rio de Janeiro. And if, by right of birth or right of wealth, you were a little more than anybody at all, if indeed you rated socially as somebody, the vulpine French headwaiter would do you great honor. For he would address you by name.

He bowed now before the man who had come in. A tall young man, intensely American and intensely masculine: lean and powerfully built, black hair brushed sharply back from square forehead, eyes storm blue and rather ironic, large nose strongly marked at the roots.

" I've kept your usual table, Mr. Van Vleet."

" Defended it against all comers? Good of you." The American followed the other; sat down not far from the low cabaret stage. " Half a bottle of—"

" Pol Roger 1927. Already on ice."

" I call that service."

" Thank you, sir."

No golden tip plopped into soft white rapacious palm. At least, not yet. Still—sincere gratitude in the repeated: " Thank you—*thank* you, sir."

For John Peabody Van Vleet was John Peabody Van Vleet: aristocratic New York Knickerbocker; multimillionaire, though this was the seventh year of the depression; racing man, well known polo player, and a seasonal godsend to newspaper cameramen:

Mr. John Peabody Van Vleet at Palm Beach.
Mr. John Peabody Van Vleet at Newport.
Mr. John Peabody Van Vleet at Cowes Regatta.

Mr. John Peabody Van Vleet, in the full aura of inherited riches and social position, here and there and everywhere—and tonight at the Paradiso.

The place—though Rio de Janeiro knew seven cabarets where the food was better, the wines older, and the deco-

THE STIRRING STORY OF A STRANGE

Happily Ever

a spear hurtling out of nowhere.

by ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

READING TIME ● 33 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

TEST FOR LOVE
After

rations in smarter taste—was the sensation of the year. And the reason for this—the reason, furthermore, why Van Vleet had come here, evening after evening, ever since his arrival a week earlier—was stammering through the purple dusk outside with flickering bulbs of crimson and orange and peacock green; spelling out, in a kind of arrogant challenge, just the one word:

KATYA

Katya, who nightly danced across the boards and brought down the house. Katya, who was famous from Times Square to Paris and from London to Chicago. Katya, whose real name was Kathleen O'Grady and who had been born and bred somewhere in New York's lower East Side stone jungle of poverty and squalor, of low humor and high courage. . . .

They had come from New York on the same ship, she to fill an engagement at the Paradiso, he to look at some polo ponies. He had taken a strong immediate liking to her; had liked chiefly her eyes—gray eyes, wise, candid, coolly observant eyes.

He had spent long hours in her company; had, in fact, made himself thoroughly unpopular with his fellow passengers by monopolizing her. And then one evening—the last before reaching Rio de Janeiro, with the jagged peak of the Corcovado in sight, glowing like topaz and ruby in the rays of the dying sun—stretched out in a chair by her side, the sudden knowledge had come to him that he loved her, that she was dearer to him than the dwelling of kings.

His initial reaction had been, curiously, one of acute resentment. What right, he had asked himself angrily, had this girl to ruffle his emotions, to make him feel that without her life would be drab and meaningless? Why—heretofore, before he had met her, he had been perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied with the even, lazy, negligent tenor of his ways. And now—

" Oh, damn! " he had mumbled, glancing at her sideways.

She had looked up.

" Yes, Mr. Van Vleet? "

" Nothing."

HE had sat there silent, telling himself that he had been in love in the past; had had his baker's dozen of affairs, some less serious, some more so, but none serious enough to leave a lasting mark on him.

All right—it would be the same this time. A passing flirtation; a sentimental or perhaps a passionate interlude. But no more. After a while he would get bored. So, assuredly, would she. There was—thank heaven—a regular routine in such matters. Nothing to get excited about.

He had clicked off his thoughts.

No use trying to fool himself. This time it was—oh, different. He needed her; couldn't do without her.

Trite words? Sure enough. But expressing precisely what he felt.

" Can't do without her! That's it! "

Again she had looked up.

" What *are* you muttering? "

" Talking to myself. And "—he had paused—" to you."

" Tell me."

" All right." His voice had been harsh. " I'm crazy about you. Life without you would be loneliness—darkness—despair—"

" All of that? " Her laugh had been silvery.

" And then some. If I had a thousand years more of life—just one little thousand years—I could tell you the rest."

" The fault of the moonlight! " she had mocked. " Tropical romantic South American moonlight! Not to forget that third highball."

" Don't be a silly little fool! "

" And," with a smile, " don't *you* be so rude! "

" Sorry. I take it back. Maybe *I'm* the one who's silly. You see—I'm proposing to you."

She had sat up, tremendously startled.

" You—you aren't serious! "

" Nothing but. Narrow golden band, orange blossoms, the organ playing Voice That Breathed O'er Eden." Bantering words, his caustic brain avenging itself upon his taut pulsing emotions. " Everything according to Emily Post. Everything—except my love for you." He had leaned forward, adding in dry rasping accents: " Well —what do you say? "

" I wish," she had whispered, " you wouldn't ask me."

" Too late. I *have* asked you."

She had shrugged her shoulders; had spoken slowly: " The answer is no."

" Oh—" He had been conscious of a sharp anguish rising like a flood in his heart. " Another man? "

" No other man."

" Don't care for me "—dully—" that it? "

" I care for you—lots."

" Then why won't you marry me? "

She had countered his question with a question:

" Tell me—what does marriage mean to you? "

He had frowned.

" What is this? " he had exclaimed. " An interview arranged by your press agent? 'Famous dancer discusses the psychology of—' "

" I'm not joking," she had interrupted; had repeated: " What does marriage mean to you? "

" What it does to a million other people. Love."

" Nothing else? "

" Isn't it enough? "

" Not to me."

" Eh? "

" I want more than mere love." She had been rather youthful in her chilly precise hardness. " I don't want to be spun into—oh—the center of a silken web and—"

He had silenced her with a stabbing fling of his strong hairy hand.

" Forget it! " he had cried, flaring up all at once. For he had always been a sulky, short-tempered man—a man whom fortune, the accident of birth and wealth, had spoiled. " I don't give a damn for all this—this psychological bilge. All I ask is a plain yes—or no."

Then Kathleen, too, had flared up.

" It's no! I told you before! "

" O. K. with me."

He had jumped up and walked away. He had been too unhappy, as well as too furious, to notice that her fingers were reaching up, plucking at his sleeve as if to restrain him.

A WEEK ago it had happened—a week during which he had made no attempt to speak to her, neither at her hotel nor backstage. Yet night after night—and this would be the last, since he was sailing home on the morrow—he had visited the Paradiso, sipping his half bottle of champagne and watching her. Watching her tonight.

Watching her whirling across the stage. Her short wide skirt sweeping round and round like a wheel. Her little bare heels making a hissing sound as they tapped the floor. Her hands stretched out, keeping time with her feet, then gliding down the curve of pointed breasts and narrow hips, again beckoning, wavering, sometimes bent back until they almost touched the arms.

He pulled himself together with a sort of cynical effort. He recalled why he came here night after night: for a reason which was sardonic—and logical.

For he came here to give the lie to the insistent voice which was forever droning in his brain: " You love her! You cannot live without her! " Wanted to convince himself visually that she was nothing but a cabaret performer, kicking up her legs and smiling her painted synthetic smile because the people in the audience, himself included, paid her for it.

Right! Somebody whom one paid out of hand. Somebody—here was a sop to his self-esteem—whom, therefore, one patronized; whom one despised—a little.

He cut short his musings.

Music and dance had stopped. There was thunderous applause. Curtain call succeeding curtain call—enthusiasm continuing crescendo long after Katya had made her final bow and smiled her final smile, long after the Negro musicians had again commenced blaring their lascivious jazz, more reminiscent of Chicago's Loop than of Louisiana's canebrake and corn.

" That's that," Van Vleet thought morosely.

He paid his bill and went toward the outer lobby. There the headwaiter caught up with him.

" A letter for you, sir."

Van Vleet slit open the envelope, read a scribbled line:

Are you sailing without saying good-by? KATHLEEN.

He went to her dressing room; found her sitting in front of the mirror, busy with cold cream, towel, and astringent. He asked grouchily, aggressively, to cloak the storm in his heart:

" Who told you I was going home? "

" Oh "—over her shoulder—" everybody in Rio knows. You *are* rather a famous person—the one and only John Peabody Van Vleet."

He stood there, leaning against the door.

" Why did you send for me? " he demanded.

" To tell you something you ought to know. I "—still over her shoulder, dabbing at her nose with a powder puff —" I love you."

He drew in his breath sharply.

" What's that? "

" I love you very much." She held up a warning hand as he was about to take her in his arms. " Be careful! This French powder is terribly greasy."

HE sat down and lit a cigarette.

" We'll get married first thing in the morning," he announced. " Our boat sails at noon."

She turned away from the mirror and faced him.

" I won't marry you, John."

" Why "—he was utterly amazed—" you said—"

" That I love you—yes. But," with her youthful, rather hard preciseness, " marriage, to be happy, needs more than love. I tried to tell you so the other night—and you lost your temper, wouldn't let me finish."

" Go on and finish now," he growled. " Well," as she hesitated, " what *does* marriage need—besides love? "

" Great mutual liking "—she spoke slowly—" and deep mutual respect. Something as steady as the rocks—as steady as God's own heaven."

" Say! " he laughed. " Cut out the artificial high-brow prose! A dancer—aren't you? Not an actress strutting her stuff to get a good hand at the third-act curtain."

" I'm serious, John."

" So am I. All this play-acting—"

" Oh "—indignantly—" I'm not play-acting! " She paused. " My father," she went on, " was a laborer and my mother a washerwoman. They were desperately poor—"

" What's that got to do with you and me? "

" Lots. You see—they were happy. For they had this deep mutual respect. They saw eye to eye in things that mattered—really mattered. While you and I—how *can* we see eye to eye, considering who you are, and who I am? "

" Because I'm Park Avenue and Bar Harbor and the rest of the highfalutin bunk? Think that I give a damn? "

" I do. Because "—she smiled wanly—" I'm conceited. I've earned my own living since I was fourteen. I've made my own way—and," with a certain challenge, " I've got there, haven't I? "

" You bet. But what of it? "

" It marks the barrier between you and me. The barrier of—achievement. Pride in achievement."

There was a silence.

" I get you," he observed presently. " I've achieved nothing. You think I'm no damned good—"

" No, no! I didn't mean that! "

" Sure you did. Nothing but a millionaire playboy—that's what you think of me—don't you? "

Her patience broke under his repeated insistent " Don't you? Don't you? " She raked his face with the chilly gray candor of her eyes.

" Well," she demanded, " what else are you? "

" What do you expect me to be? You can't arrange life. It arranges itself—in spite of you."

" That isn't so."

" It is, too. Take me. I've enough money. Why should I be a sap and lock myself in a dusty office and earn more? "

"I wasn't referring to money."

"Wait! You had your say. Let me have mine. You blame me for amounting to nothing. Not my fault. The public, just because I've inherited great wealth, wouldn't take me seriously or would suspect me of all sorts of ulterior motives, were I to devote myself to the service of my country—choose a diplomat's career, let's say, or go in for politics."

"There are other things."

"For instance?" He paused for the answer that did not come. "I'd make a rotten clergyman, and I've no special aptitude for science or engineering or any of the arts. I'm a good athlete—oh, yes. Otherwise, I admit, I'm a dull dog. But I fail to see where I'm doing harm—to anybody."

"Nor are you doing good—to anybody."

"Oh, I don't know. I give my fair share to charity."

"Anybody who has can give. I speak of doing."

"There you go again! What do you suggest I *should* do?"

"Anything. Anything at all, as long as it is big and real—as long as it'll make me proud of you. I *want* to be proud of you because—oh, I love you so!"

He kissed her.

"Darling," he told her, "there's nothing I wouldn't do—wouldn't, at least, try to do—to make you proud of me. Only, I repeat"—rather hopelessly—"what is there for me to do?"

"There must be *something*," she interrupted, "somewhere. And you'd find it if—"

"If I loved you?"

"I know you love me. I mean—if you had it in you."

THERE was, just then, the sharp ring of a bell.

"Oh," she cried, "the signal for my second number!"

And she jumped up, hurried out. . . .

He followed a few seconds later, through the back entrance down the narrow alley that led to the street. He was less unhappy than annoyed—annoyed because he knew that, in a way, Kathleen was right. At the corner he bumped into a man, evidently a sailor, as evidently an American.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "Look where you're going!"

"Itchin' for a fight?" was the truculent retort.

"Itching for a drink." Van Vleet laughed. "What about?"

"Suits me, mister."

They entered a restaurant. They had several drinks; and after a while, for no apparent reason, Van Vleet remarked:

"Women give me a pain."

"Aw—pipe down!"

"Pipe down—in a pig's eye! What would *you* do if the girl you're nuts about—"

The sailor did not wait for the rest of the sentence.

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"Sock her in the kisser," was his prompt rejoinder.

"Can't be done."

"Get yerself another jane."

"Can't do that either."

"How come?"

"There's nobody like her in the world."

"H'm—if I had it that lousy bad I'd go and get cockeyed."

"Sound advice. Shall we have a quick one?"

So they had another. That made five each. Then they had a few more. Van Vleet was getting drunk. Yet, in a way, his unhappy mood counteracted his intoxication, so that his mind was functioning clearly if erratically and his speech was only faintly blurred.

He tapped the sailor on the chest.

"Know what she told me?" he demanded plaintively. "Told me I've no guts—amount to nothing. That if I *had* an ounce of guts I'd prove it—do something to make her proud of me. Something big and real—"

And then a voice cut in:

"Why don't you?"

Van Vleet was startled. He turned. The speaker, a lean black-frocked priest, rose from a chair at the adjoining table; went on, with a slight Irish accent:

"I'm leaving tomorrow. Will you go with me?"

He spoke casually. Yet, through the alcoholic befuddlement in his brain, Van Vleet sensed, with an inner trembling, that a curious thing was happening to him, or, rather, was about to happen: that tonight, here, in the person of this Irish priest, a crisis had suddenly come into his life; that, whatever it was, he would have to face it, cope with it; and he stammered:

"You—you said *go*—with *you?*"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"To Bobra. It's up in the interior of Brazil, in the heart of the Amazon jungle."

The priest stepped forward, passing fully into the radius of the ceiling lamp. A livid scar ran athwart his emaciated features from his left eye, blotting it out, to his mouth, which was twisted as with the memory of terrible, unforgettable pain.

"It isn't a pretty place," he said. "Steamy heat, disease, dirt, and a black stew of blood lust and superstition and cruelty. Cruelty, through heathen ignorance, even toward the little children." He pointed at his scar, went on passionately: "I got this in Bobra when I tried to save a baby girl from being sacrificed to their unclean idols." And he added, unconsciously quoting: "The Lord forgive them! For they know not what they do."

He paused.

"Will you go with me?" he repeated.

VAN VLEET stared at the other. The crisis, he thought, which had come into his life, touching his soul with a shiver of dim terror.

"Why," he whispered—"why should I go with you?"

"For two reasons. Because you are strong—and I need a strong man to help. And, too," slowly, "because *you* need help—so that you may find what you are seeking."

"That I may find," echoed Van Vleet, "what I'm seeking."

A silence. Then he made up his mind.

"O. K." And he was now stone sober. "I'll trail along."

"For the love of the Saviour?"

"No"—frankly—"for the love of a woman."

"At times," smiled the priest, "there isn't so very much difference." . . .

When, in later years, Van Vleet spoke about his journey, he said that from the first he loathed the Brazilian jungle. Loathed it from the moment—after weeks in a rickety steamer up the Amazon and canoeing along a network of side streams—that he and Father Donovan entered the wilderness.

On foot they trekked, led by a half-breed guide and accompanied by a number of Indian porters. Single file they trekked up a narrow trail that was wiped by the fetid breath of the tropics into a smelly viscous mire which bubbled and boiled, seemed to reach out foul tentacles for those who dared tread its grim sardonic solitude. And *slash-slash-slash* went the machetes, ripping through matted bush and thorn thicket and cablelike spiky creepers—*slash-slash-slash,* and the wilderness opening up before the whistling rhythmic song of the blades, then closing in behind the travelers, as if nature had stepped away for a second, leisurely, contemptuously, invincibly, to let them pass.

Steadily on! Day after day. Heat, thirst, fever, poisonous insects—despair. Climbing down a steep sweep of soil, dun and chocolate brown, swathed with scraggly dusty-gray herbage, toward the level of a river where there was a growth of tortured, somber, snakelike mangrove oozing out of the semiliquid banks—like some unsightly eczema on the face of the land.

A land—the eerie notion occurred to Van Vleet—that was a pulsing, living thing. He said something of the sort to the priest. The latter inclined his head.

"Yes," he replied. "This land does hate us, you and me, because—ah! believe me, I speak with no sleek Pharisee conceit—because we are, within the limitations of our fleshly weakness, decent and God-fearing. A land," he added slowly, "that would kill us, given the chance."

And it did kill, that same afternoon.

THEY were crossing a clearing. The two white men were walking side by side. And then it came—suddenly, without warning: a rush of air; a spurt of steel; a spear hurtling out of the nowhere—striking the Irishman in the chest.

He dropped. He gave an agonized cry of pain. His fingers plucked at the heavy palmwood shaft that was jerking crazily, left, right, left, like an ill regulated pendulum, ripping out his life. His blood trickled thickly, dyeing the dusty drab of his khaki shirt with splotches of deep rich crimson. He died.

He died as he had lived: like a priest and a gentleman, a faint smile on his lips as his fluttering hand made the sign of the cross, as he whispered a Latin prayer:

"*Ignoscito saepe alteri, nunquam tibi* . . ."

So they buried him. And not far off, blending into the jungle like brown moss on a brown furry sapucaia tree, a man stood and watched. A squat, copper-skinned man who reflected, in his savage mind, that doubtless he was a warrior among the brave warriors, a hero among the grand heroes, and greatly beloved by the blood-smeared Toba deities.

Therefore he laughed.

His guttural laughter peaked. It fell like a blight. And it was to Van Vleet as if the wilderness itself were laughing, jeering at him in a huge gurgling paroxysm of mirth; and he shivered—he felt his hair rise.

Panic! Black panic invading his soul, caressing his spine with clay-cold fingers, filling him with a horror that reached the limits of sensation. Panic because he realized that the wilderness might kill him as it had killed his friend.

Then panic gave way to revolt.

Why, he considered, the other had been a missionary who had seen the white road of his duty and had followed it to the end, serene and unafraid. But it was different where he himself was concerned. He wasn't a clergyman. He was "of the earth, earthy"; with youth, strength, health, capacity for enjoying life—all life to look forward to. So why should he interfere? What was it to him if these stinking savages—

He interrupted his thoughts.

For there came to him a memory of that night, weeks ago in Rio de Janeiro, when the priest had spoken of the reason why Van Vleet would go with him to Bobra:

"So that you may find what you are seeking."

Find—what?

He knew the answer: that he might find himself; and that, by the same token, he might find the one thing which mattered to him—a woman's deep liking and respect, a woman's love. Love beyond the physical.

He squared his shoulders; turned to the guide.

"Let's go!"

So they were on their way. And there was again—*slash-slash-slash*—the rhythmic song of the machetes, hour after hour, day after day, mile after mile—until, late one afternoon, almost two months from Rio de Janeiro, he came to Bobra.

It was the principal settlement of a district larger than Michigan, and it was no more than a primitive hamlet built in a clearing, and all around it the jungle where the trees made up for their flowering extravagant beauty by sucking in and exhaling miasmic vapors from the sodden putrid ground.

There was a Brazilian administrator, Alberto de Sousa. Van Vleet called on him; found him a dwarfish man whose yellow monkeyish face belied his historic name, redolent of former centuries when Lisbon's high-pooped frigates had luffed and looted across the seven seas.

A man, decidedly, of aristocratic breeding; for he greeted the American politely. He opened a bottle of lukewarm champagne. He offered excellent cigars. He expressed sincere regrets when he heard that Father Donovan had died. He conversed with culture and wit on a variety of subjects.

IT was well past midnight when he asked suddenly:

"May I be frank?"

"As frank as you please."

"Very well. Would you mind leaving Bobra tomorrow morning? Or early the next day?"

"Not very hospitable, are you?" smiled the other.

"I can't afford to be."

"That so?"

"Yes. The Toba Indians are as safe to meddle with as a hive of bees. I never meddle. That's why I'm still alive. I"—with a sigh—"may the dear saints forgive me!—I am blind and deaf to everything that goes on here. Everything!" he repeated significantly. "You, on the other hand, are rash—I would judge—and enthusiastic and sentimental—"

"Sentimental—I?"

"Quite—though you may be ashamed of it, being an American. You are even quixotic; would be unable to be deaf and blind. You are, furthermore, a gentleman of importance—Mr. John Van Vleet—eh? So, I reiterate, you will oblige me by leaving as soon as possible. For if something—ah—unpleasant should happen to you, your government would—"

"I absolve you ahead of time of all responsibility."

"Willing to put that in writing?" de Sousa demanded.

"Certainly."

Van Vleet wrote. He gave the sheet to the other, who said: "Will you forgive a personal question?"

"Go straight ahead."

"You aren't a missionary, like the late Father Donovan. Therefore why do you—"

"Insist on making a jackass of myself? For one of two reasons. Either for the sake of a girl's gray eyes, or because"—he was a little embarrassed—"because of something deep in my

BORN TO BE A *Belle*, BUT—

I REMEMBER WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN. WHAT A LITTLE HEARTBREAKER YOU WERE!
WELL I'M NOT NOW!
SUE, I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU—WON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
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heart. I'm not sure. And you wouldn't understand either way, old fellow."

"That's where you are wrong."

"Oh?"

"I understand—both ways. You see"—the words were immensely tragic in their hopelessness and their stilted phrasing—"at times I remember the crystal palaces of my own youth's high clanking dreams." . . .

Van Vleet told Kathleen all about de Sousa in his first letter—the first of many, each an Odyssey in the sending: entrusted to the careless keeping of an Indian jungle runner who would give it into the keeping, no less careless, of wandering diamond prospector or rubber tapper; passed on to some ruffianly Amazon skipper who would take it as far as Manáos, that Mecca of Brazil's swaggering adventurers and gaudy harlotry; thence to Rio de Janeiro; and at last, after long weeks, reaching—or perhaps not reaching—Kathleen O'Grady wherever she was, dancing in London or Paris or in New York.

Always the letters made her very happy and very unhappy. Too, strangely, they irritated her—a little.

Happy because John would repeat the tale of his love, saying so simply: "I adore you." Unhappy because she would reflect that, in the final analysis, it was she, not the priest, who had sent him off into the wilderness. And irritated—not that it lessened her unhappiness—because, on second thought, common sense would persuade her that, after all, she was not to blame.

ACHMED ABDULLAH

of Russian and Afghan blood, is the only English writer ever crowned by the French Academy. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he later served as a captain in the British-Indian cavalry. He is the author of many novels, short stories, and plays. His home is in New York.

SHE had asked him to do—something. Oh, yes—something real and vital. But was it vital to go on this quixotic adventure, to run this fantastic risk for the sake of a handful of jungle Indians who had lived, steeped in dirt and cruelty, since the beginning of time, and would doubtless continue so until the end?

She knew what had been in John's mind. He wanted to show her what stuff he was made of. Just a gesture—a childish gesture. Yet so brave, so terribly decent—*so* irritating.

Why—her sudden idea—if he wanted to pit his good clean strength against the jungle, he needn't have gone so far afield. Here was America. New York. A jungle, too. A jungle of stone. And dirt here, too; cruelty; disease. Things for him to battle.

Oh, life was such a muddle! And she was so unhappy—and so afraid.

Not that *he* seemed afraid. Indeed he wrote with a dry humor that was typically his and brought the tears to her eyes.

For instance, when he told her:

"I heard yesterday that local society refers to me as 'White-Devil-Whose-Ancestry-Is-So-Infamous-that-It-Can't-Be-Described-Without-Fouling-the-Tongue.' All this, in the charming Toba dialect, is expressed by half a dozen syllables and does duty for the plain American 'buttinsky.' I guess the boys are right. I am here to butt in. And I suspect they'd like to butt me right out again."

Another time he wrote:

"De Sousa has the right dope. I am a sentimental idiot. Can't help it. For there are the little children. The cruelty toward them makes me sick. Not that they mean to be cruel. It's merely an outgrowth of their terrible ignorance and ghastly superstitions. De Sousa doesn't give a damn. He repeats that he prefers to be blind and deaf—deaf although at the time of the full moon the drums drone all night, speaking of some obscene ritual, some unhappy child offered on the bloodstained altars."

Serious, too, was his next letter:

"I try to do what I can. Which isn't much. Still, I keep on meddling; and, naturally, the people resent it."

And he added:

"Nothing to get nervous about, though. I can take care of myself. Meanwhile, I have accomplished something. Yes—after months of work I rescued—how many do you think? One! A young girl about fourteen, captured in a raid from another tribe. I rescued her not by silver-tongued oratory but by planking out cash—in the form of tobacco and bottled goods. And, the girl being pretty, de Sousa as well as the Indians look upon me as a most immoral character."

Regularly his letters arrived. And then—she was in New York at the time, dancing on the Moonbeam Roof—they ceased abruptly. Her own remained unanswered.

It worried her dreadfully. She wrote to de Sousa. Her message was forwarded to Paris, where he was on leave. He answered that during his absence the administrative post of Bobra would remain unoccupied, but that, when he had left there half a year earlier, Van Vleet had been in the best of health.

So a month passed—two, three. Still no word. It was as if the jungle had swallowed him. And she was afraid—terribly afraid.

She turned away from her fear with an effort, pushing it out of her consciousness, telling herself John was alive because he *must* be alive.

"He is not dead! No, no! He is not dead!"

Again and again she repeated the words. She may have had some notion of mesmerizing fate itself with the obsession that he was alive, just by never for a moment allowing herself to think otherwise.

"He is not dead! Dear God—he is not dead!"

Like a prayer. And then, one day, like an answer to her prayer, a letter came from Rio de Janeiro signed "John." A few lines, giving no reason for his long silence, but saying he was sailing on the next ship and would be home by the end of the month.

She sank on her knees.

"Dear Lord," she sobbed, "I thank You."

She reread John's letter—the single page that held so much happiness—and suddenly she frowned. She studied the thin sheet closely. Something—she had not noticed it in her first great joy—was wrong here. Decidedly wrong. The handwriting—why, it seemed strange!

She went to her desk and took out a batch of John's former letters, laid them side by side with the one she had received today. She examined, compared. The writing—yes!—was different. Queerly wooden it seemed; shaky in spots.

And again she felt fear. It stood grayly by her elbow. But she overcame it. She told herself that he must have been sick. Fever, doubtless. That's why he had been silent so long; had been unable to write—was still a little under the weather.

All right. Nothing to worry about. She'd nurse him back to health. He'd be home at the end of the month.

THE end of the month. A crowd at the pier. The Bahia steaming up the North River and presently, bullied by a wheezy little tug, backing into her dock slips with a clanking of chains and rasping of boards.

Kathleen saw John walk down the gangplank. He was leaner than ever.

His face was pale and drawn. A polo coat was thrown like a cape across his wide shoulders.

She rushed up to him.

"John," she stammered—"John!" She stood up on her toes a little. She did not care who saw or heard. "Kiss me, John!"

He bent down. He kissed her. He did not speak. And a second later, as his left arm encircled her waist, she gave a little laugh; exclaimed:

"Hold me tight! Use both arms, you silly boy!"

Just then the polo coat slipped from his shoulders. She saw that his empty right sleeve was pushed into the pocket of his jacket.

Horror, pity, compassion shook her. But she controlled herself. She added:

"Oh—one arm is good enough for me. You see—you are so strong! . . ."

He told her about it, an hour later, as he sat by her side in her apartment. He spoke rather casually:

"One of those things, you know—"

"Yes," she echoed, "one of those things."

"The Indians down there—they hate me. So one day they went for me. A dagger thrust. And—well, the climate is lousy; infection; not a doctor within three weeks' trek. And then a rubber tapper passed through the country—nice little Frenchman. Did the best he could."

After a while he went on:

"I must talk to my bankers tomorrow. Draw a lot of money. Going to build a hospital. Perhaps, later on, a school. You see—I'm returning to Bobra in a couple of weeks."

She looked at him. Her eyes gleamed with a dark mysterious smile. She said:

"Don't be stupid, darling!"

"Stupid?"

"*So* stupid. And"—her voice was tremulous—"such a show-off!"

"Eh?"—sharply.

"Such a dear, adorable show-off! So childish! So—so beautifully childish! Trying to prove to me that you have it in you, that you can do—something—"

"Well"—gruffly—"you asked me to."

"I did—and *you* did! And—oh, I'm so proud of you!" She interrupted herself. She drew him to the window—her apartment was on the thirty-first floor—and pointed south where sable shadows and dancing lights rushed together in shimmering gray half-tones.

"LOOK, darling!" she cried.

"A perfect view."

"Oh, I don't want you to look at the view!"

"No?"

"I want you to look beyond the view. The lower East Side down there—Rivington Street, near the Bowery, where I was born. Poverty down there, and superstition, and—oh, yes! —cruelty. American poverty—American superstition—American cruelty! You—John—you see?"

"Yes"—slowly—"I see."

"Your own people down there! Italians? Hungarians? Russian Jews? Oh, yes, John! But *still* your own people—who need you—your strength, your courage, your decency."

"And," with a thin smile, "don't forget my money."

"I'm not forgetting it, darling. Nice money! Golden clean shiny money!"

He kissed her.

"O. K.," he said; added: "When'll we get married?"

"Too late today."

"All right. Tomorrow will do."

They sat by the open window. The white clouds rolled by over their heads. She was silent for a few minutes. Then she said a queer thing—an Irish thing:

"Poverty down there—and superstition and cruelty. And yet—oh, the tattered banner of romance waving high. You—you understand, John?"

"What sort of damned fool do you take me for?" he replied roughly. "Of course I understand!"

THE END

Trouble ahead?

TROUBLE AHEAD for these bright young eyes? If parents only realized how poor lighting causes eyestrain, wasted nervous energy, and other physical disturbances, they would always give their children plenty of good light for seeing tasks.

One school child in five already has defective vision. Is it worth while to take chances with inferior lamps that get dimmer and dimmer as days go by? Why not keep your home well lighted with Edison MAZDA lamps... the lamps that *Stay Brighter Longer* ...and use electricity so much more economically than inferior lamps. Always keep spares on hand...especially the sight-saving sizes...75 and 100 watts... that are so necessary in helping busy young eyes develop normally. Ask for Edison MAZDA lamps by name!

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POPE PIUS Gives for WORLD PEACE

A Notable Plea for "Human Contentment," a New Day for Labor, and an End to Selfish Nationalism, Communism, and Dictators

Given to the World through the Pages of Liberty by

EDWARD PRICE BELL

RUSHING to a train for Berlin in a hotel bus, winding up one of the great hills of Rome, I looked down upon the flashing Tiber. But I saw a more impressive object. Rome lay peaceful and beauteous in a fine sunset; I saw the gigantic dome of St. Peter's against a pink-and-purple sky. It was enchanting. It was enchanting objectively. It was far more enchanting because of its historical and its contemporary suggestion.

How long it had stood there! What imposing and spectacular happenings had marked the life beneath it!

What a meaning in its symbolism today!

I myself had been under that dome a few hours previously. I had been in Consistorial Hall, a noble chamber, listening to the words of the Pope; listening in order that I might write of him—his appearance, his manner, his emotions, his ideas, the substance of his religious, ethical, and secular faith. I had gone to him as a journalist. I had gone to him to seek the truth disinterestedly.

Physical appearance wants only a word. A clear-eyed, open-visaged, compassionate man nearing eighty, dressed in white gown and skullcap and ermine-trimmed scarlet cape. The effects of his exhaustive efforts for peace show plainly, as does his sorrow over Spain. He wore circular rimless spectacles. His emerald ring was on the third finger of the right hand. His hands are strong and shapely, and he uses them freely, also his whole arms, to emphasize his words as he warms to his argument.

That is the Pope's appearance.

His manner fits the appearance with fidelity and symmetry. It has sturdiness and color and clarity. It is manly, frank, and tender. He acts as one entering ardently into his auditor's situation, striving to adapt himself, his feelings and thoughts, to that auditor's understanding. One cannot suspect insincerity in the Pope. No power of penetration could find any cynicism there. His manner is overwhelmingly that of the fervid, convinced, and magnanimous spirit which yearns to fire others with its passion.

Emotionally the Pope is different from any other great figure I know. Some might say that his emotion could be called feminine rather than masculine, so quick and mobile and genuine is it. But the Pope is not feminine, still less effeminate. He has peasantlike manliness, simplicity and strength of character. Not a few men in high places are canny; it shows in their calculation. Pope Pius XI gets his self-trust from his veracious spontaneity.

Peace Pope not improbably will be his historical appellation. He is the Alpine Pope also. The Alps and some of their noteworthy men had a large part in making him what he is. Magnificent mountains did ministry to his character as a boy. They may have made him prematurely old; it is said they did. But if they gave age to his youth, they have given youth to his age. They deeply nurtured him. They built him up, body, mind, and soul. He not only looked at them from his study window as a boy in Bellagio; he climbed them. He took into himself also the delicate splendor of Como. And his uncle, Don Rodolfo, venerable and worthy parish priest and provost of Asso, helped him in it all.

Pius XI has seen many suns come up—or the same old sun many times. He says he adores the recollection. He says those sunrises in the Alps and over Lake Como thrilled and inspired him as a boy and are a spiritual sustenance to him as Pope. His enthusiasm for sunrises—those jeweled ceremonials which launch the day—reminds one of a like sensitivity in another distinguished quarter. Premier Baldwin of England said to me as he sat one day in his room at the House of Commons: "Country boys are apt to go far: they have seen so many sunrises. Have you observed that a boy who never has seen the sun come up is unlikely to see much of anything come up?"

The Pope appears to have been a thinker from his earliest student years. He thought so much during his days in Bellagio that the Archbishop of Milan, Mgr. Nazario di Calebiana, named him "my Young Old Man." I asked His Holiness about that. He smiled. It had been a matter of conviction with him, he explained. He had inherited the idea that one must know, and know why one knew: *facts* were indispensable, and *sound judgment* not less so. And how could one learn facts and form sound judgments without seriousness of labor and rigor of ratiocination? "Our difficult life," said the Pope, "is making many 'young old men.'"

It is important surely, in considering the great characteristic ideas of Pope Pius XI, to remember with what patience, industry, and conscientiousness, and under what auspices and influences, they were crystallized. Not all of them, nor perhaps the whole of any of them, assumed definite and final shape among Alpine men or scenes. However admirable those men, and however superb and elevating those scenes, they were not the whole world; not its intellectual vortices; not—of more weight than all else—the arena of struggling and suffering mankind. He must travel, see other nations than his own, see cities, mingle with foreign thinkers. He visited the chief European capitals. He sojourned for some time at Manchester, studied at the Bodleian in Oxford, at the British Museum, and said Mass in Westminster Cathedral.

Out of this zealous seeking came a notable historical fact: Pius XI became arguably the keenest and most practical economist in the long line of Roman pontiffs. His first words on beginning his rule were: "Pius is a name of peace, therefore I will bear it." So he became the Peace Pope. And what did that imply? It implied, in the new Pope's opinion, that he must be an economist; for he could see no peace coming to the peoples except through intelligent economics. Economics was vastly more to him than a matter of business; it was primarily a matter of morals and reason and sentiment, and its crying out for the highest wisdom was ringing round the world.

a Recipe

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

"It was unmistakable," said His Holiness, "that a host of economic follies and wrongs must be liquidated before we could have peace."

Pius XI, speaking in his earnest, fluent, eloquent manner, gives you the essence of his political economy. "I am a true economic disciple of Leo XIII," he states. "His immortal encyclical, *Rerum novarum*, offers Christianity as the basis of organized human life. It is the only basis which will stand. Christian morals and Christian sentiment, justice and charity, are the *sine qua non* of social salvation. They alone have in them human contentment. And human contentment alone can give us peace. The chasm between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots' must be bridged. We must not have on the one hand those who rule absolutely, and on the other those who habitually and abjectly submit. We must not have overprivilege and underprivilege. We must not have flaunting wealth side by side with beggary. Not that way lies the realization of man's divinity."

CAPITAL the Pope approves. But it must not function antisocially, selfishly. Management he approves. But it must manage in the universal interest. Labor he more than approves. It has, in his view, an especial sanctity.

"If there is to be partiality in any direction as among the essentials of industry," pleads the Pope, "let it go neither to capital nor to management, but to labor."

All the interests of the world, as the Pope sees them, are common. Mankind is a unit, and its first imperative demand is that it shall appreciate its unity and act accordingly.

Political frontiers upon which discriminations are erected are a delusion and a snare. "Hard and selfish nationalism" is a two-edged sword, wounding not more those against whom it is wielded than those who wield it. Socialism and Communism and dictatorial tyranny are alike intolerable, each an enemy of that individual liberty without which social health and growth are a vain dream. Societies prosper and are perpetuated only if individuals be strong, pure, and free.

So argues and believes the Supreme Pontiff of Rome, Sovereign of the newly created state, "the City of the Vatican," dramatically set up by Pius XI and Signor Mussolini a little more than seven years ago. A strange state it is; none like it elsewhere. It is exclusively a religious and moral state, unarmed in any belligerent sense, though favoring such armaments as may be necessary to protect civilization. For this unmatched state, this city *sui generis,* with its Papal secretary of state, its diplomatic corps, its entire independence—for it is postulated eternal neutrality and inviolability.

It holds itself aloof from all political sectionalism in order that it the more effectively may prosecute its mission of peace.

Of that mission, and with the words of the Pope still vibrating in my ears, I thought a great deal on my journey to Berlin.

What exactly is the peace the Pope has in mind?

It is *the peace of civilization.* Pius XI does not suppose that the peace of every vague frontier can be preserved. He does not regard the conflicts between civilization and its antithesis as a closed chapter of history; there will be such conflicts until savagery and barbarism are no more. But conflicts of this kind, clashes where light and darkness meet, are not rightly termed defeats for peace, historical setbacks. Indeed they are but illustrations of the forcible removal of obstacles to peace and to the onmoving tide of history.

Remember the Pope's allusion to the "haves" and the "have-nots" and the unbridged chasm between them. His reference was not a narrow one. He was thinking of the "haves" and the "have-nots" *in* nations and *among* nations. He was thinking of individual overprivilege and underprivilege, and of national overprivilege and underprivilege.

He was thinking of the too rich and the too poor man, and of the too rich and the too poor nation. And his conviction was that until these glaring disparities could be diminished—until something of justice and charity could be made to operate in human affairs—to go lightheartedly about our business dreaming of peace were dangerous political somnambulism.

Less than a week after I left Rome steeped in evening beauty, I was talking with Herr Hitler in his big reception room in the Wilhelmstrasse; and a major phase of his theme was the colonial needs and opportunities of the world!

THE END

MURDERERS WELCOME

BY PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATION BY DAN CONTENT

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AT his hunting lodge deep in the north woods, Captain Robert Bailey, middle-aged millionaire financier, is host to a bizarre gathering of friends and business rivals. Among them, he is positive, is one determined to murder him.

His recent decision to retire and give his profitable organization to his faithful employees—a decision that would mean heavy losses to the large stockholders, some of whom were his guests—was his basis for this strange conclusion. For, immediately following the announcement, two attempts were made on his life: A woman tried to run him down with her car, and poison was found in his food.

Bailey confides to his closest friend and legal adviser, Nelson Dudley, who arrived unexpectedly on the second day accompanied by Evelyn Case, Bailey's fiancée, and her father, that the house party is his way of trapping the guilty one. Because of the heavy losses his retirement would cause, the captain suspects his rival Mitchell. Bailey was sure he was going to shoot him the day before, while they were moose hunting. He frustrated the attempt by tipping the canoe. His spineless cousin Ralph, and his general manager, Logan Walters, whom he had once caught embezzling funds, also come under the same mistrust. Two feminine admirers in the group, Mary Brookhart and Bernetta Smith, come next on the list.

Yet Bailey has implicit faith and trust in his partner, Carey MacGreggor, Mrs. Walters, and her personal maid Beth, a lovely brunette. Still, even with servant-detectives swarming over the lodge, the murderer strikes that night. A guide, sleeping in Bailey's bed while the latter is hiding out in the woods, is killed by an arrow. And Bailey, upon waking, finds a woman's footprints leading to and from his sleeping place. After conferring with Rodgers, his valet and head detective, Bailey decides to make a dramatic entrance at the breakfast table, hoping his presence will betray the guilty one. When all were seated he walked in quietly.

PART TWO—A WIFE'S SECRETS

BAILEY'S arrival occasioned, so far as he could tell, no surprise whatever. Every one said " Good morning " or " Hello."

Evelyn said, " Come here, darling! Your tie's crooked." She fixed his tie.

Walters, his cavernous-eyed general manager, said with faintly forced joviality, " You look as if *you'd* slept well, Rob! I didn't."

Mary Brookhart smiled. " Good morning, *dear.*"

His partner, Carey MacGreggor, suggested a little hunting. " Everybody here wants to talk business. Me —I want moose meat for dinner."

Mitchell turned toward him. " I'm your man—for one."

Bernetta Smith, looking fresh and contented, said, " Ralph and I are going to get out the archery butts. He says he's good. I was on a team once."

That brought Bailey's eyes to the actress first, and then his cousin. " How about it? " he suggested. " Who's good with a bow and arrow? "

No one else acknowledged any virtuosity.

Nelson Dudley suggested tennis. " The court's not in half bad shape—considering."

Mary said she'd play as soon as she changed her shoes.

Bailey looked, when he could, at all the women's shoes. No one was wearing high heels.

He sat down and began to eat eggs. His dramatic appearance had afforded him no clue. Was the murderer so brilliant an actor? Had Bernetta, for instance, in her invitation to Ralph and her boasted prowess, forged for herself the inverted alibi that would be implied in the fact that one who had just used a bow for murder would scarcely be eager to use it for play? He hadn't looked at the bows. The one used would doubtless have been returned—wiped clean of fingerprints. There would be an arrow missing—but what would that tell?

Then he thought of a new possibility. Any one who could have lifted the screen to shoot an arrow into his room could have gone in afterward to be sure of its effect. The killer, in that case, would have realized his error, expected Bailey at breakfast. That was it!

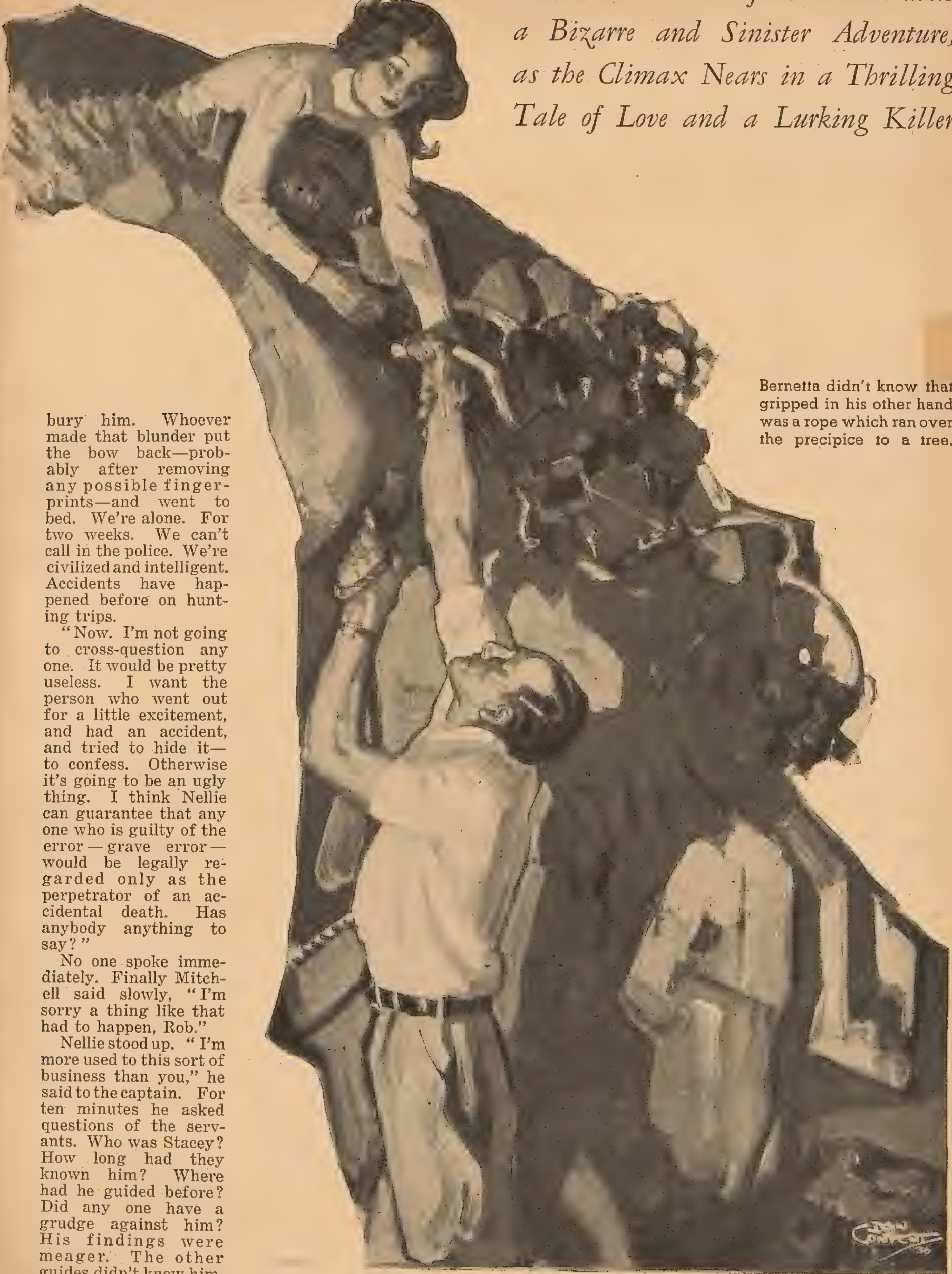
Bailey glanced up at Rodgers, who, with an almost imperceptible shake of his head, indicated that he had observed no untoward reactions.

" I would like to speak to you all," the captain said, " as soon as breakfast is over."

When they had gone into the living room, Bailey took Rodgers aside. " I want all your gang, and I want them all to be told that they must listen to every word I say—and stick to it as the truth. You can easily make them understand that our only hope of catching the murderer is to pretend that the killing of Stacey was an accident. Then the person who did it will know that we know it wasn't. And nobody else. See? "

When they were assembled—twenty-one people in all—the captain glanced around the room and then said, " Last night somebody here apparently decided that it would be exciting to go for a hunt in the dark—with a bow and arrow as a weapon. It may have been early morning. The point is that Stacey, one of my guides, was evidently mistaken for quarry, and shot. The arrow killed him. We've moved his body to the tool house. We'll have to

A Tender Touch of Romance Enters a Bizarre and Sinister Adventure, as the Climax Nears in a Thrilling Tale of Love and a Lurking Killer



Bernetta didn't know that gripped in his other hand was a rope which ran over the precipice to a tree.

bury him. Whoever made that blunder put the bow back—probably after removing any possible fingerprints—and went to bed. We're alone. For two weeks. We can't call in the police. We're civilized and intelligent. Accidents have happened before on hunting trips.

"Now. I'm not going to cross-question any one. It would be pretty useless. I want the person who went out for a little excitement, and had an accident, and tried to hide it—to confess. Otherwise it's going to be an ugly thing. I think Nellie can guarantee that any one who is guilty of the error — grave error — would be legally regarded only as the perpetrator of an accidental death. Has anybody anything to say?"

No one spoke immediately. Finally Mitchell said slowly, "I'm sorry a thing like that had to happen, Rob."

Nellie stood up. "I'm more used to this sort of business than you," he said to the captain. For ten minutes he asked questions of the servants. Who was Stacey? How long had they known him? Where had he guided before? Did any one have a grudge against him? His findings were meager. The other guides didn't know him.

They were all new. He seemed "like a nice fellow."

When the lawyer had finished, he turned to Bailey. "All right, Rob. I suppose we ought to go over the place where the man was found?"

Bailey agreed. "You and I will do that." To the guests he said, "Everybody go ahead with your plans for the day. We'll bury Stacey tomorrow afternoon."

He left the house with his friend. They started toward the woods, the captain leading.

Nellie said presently, "You, of course, have already gone over the ground. Find anything?"

Bailey grinned without mirth. "That was a lie, Nellie. The whole damn thing. Some one killed Stacey in my bed—thinking it was me."

Nellie was silent for a while. "Mitchell?" he asked.

"Didn't budge all night. Asleep in bed."

"Who knows the truth?"

"Rodgers—the two guides—the engineer. Nobody else. Except, of course, the killer."

"Then you're getting warm. Your murder party wasn't so loony. At least you've got the right man among your guests."

"Or woman," Bailey added.

Nellie said, almost reproachfully, "It's pretty tough on the guide. Bumped off like that—"

"Sure." The captain's voice was fierce. "Tough! I hate to lose a man. I hate worse to lose a man who was substituting for me."

"What are you going to do from now on—about sleeping, I mean?"

"Haven't decided. I guess—"

"Want me to take over at Stacey's post?"

Bailey grinned. "No, thanks. Look. We'll get back to the house soon. I want a squint at the women's shoes."

He told Dudley why.

In Bernetta Smith's closet they found a pair of high-heeled shoes with damp soles. As near as both men could remember, she had not worn them on the previous day. The shoes exactly fitted the tracks in the woods.

So Bernetta Smith had found his hiding place and stood over him a while as he slept.

And Bernetta Smith had said that she had been on an archery team.

And Bernetta Smith had been in his office the day strychnine had been poured into his dessert.

"I think," the captain said coolly to Dudley, "that Bernetta is going to get the next chance at me."

When Evelyn Case found that her fiancé had taken the redheaded actress up on Knob Hill to watch the sunset, she was furious. She said so to every one who would listen. Then Carey MacGreggor came in from a day of hunting. They'd missed a moose. But they had a big bag of ruffed grouse. Carey was importuned by the angry debutante. Her wrath and the tears which accompanied it had a strange effect on him. He broke his customary reticence to say, "Rob is a louse. Come on. I'll take you canoeing."

She went with him vengefully.

AT the same time Bailey and Bernetta scrambled toward the top of the mountain. For several minutes they looked down at the dollhouse camp and at the lake—the submarine borders of which were discernible—shoals, sand bars, and indigo deeps. Then they crossed the summit to its western side. Knob Hill, at that point, dropped away for five hundred feet as a sheer cliff. The sun was still well above the remote sharp horizon of trees.

They sat down.

Bernetta changed the subject from geography to persons. "You happy with Evelyn?"

"Why?"

"I can't imagine it. She's not your sort of female. Cold—calculating—and you can see she doesn't love you."

He allowed the discussion to continue on her terms—which was not like him. "She's just overbred."

"The devil she is! The only man she'd please would be one who'd marry her as an ornament. Worship her. Robbie—whatever happened between you and me?"

"I just—don't love you."

She nodded painfully. "I suppose you know that you are everything in my life?"

He laughed annoyingly. "You're just stoking a dead fire. You'd forget me in a minute if somebody with the same bank roll came along."

"Don't be nasty!"

"Listen, Bernetta. You've been tagging me for years. Do you know why I brought you up here? It's because I wanted to tell you to quit! To stop pestering me! Forget me! You give me a very persistent pain in the neck!"

Her green eyes widened. She shook. "There are times," she said, "when I'd love to kill you for what you've done to me."

"It's a mutual feeling. You're kidding yourself about me—that's all. Making a fool of yourself. And if you haven't adequate self-respect, you might at least consider my feelings in the matter. Nothing is more irritating than—"

She slapped him. "I never heard you talk like that before," she said vehemently. "I won't stand it!" She hit him again.

Bailey rose. He did it slowly, in the manner of a weary man—a man who has been pushed almost too far by a woman.

HE walked to the edge of the cliff and faced the sun in apparent anger and resentment. He slipped. He sat down. Earth slid. He grabbed a bush and rolled over, his feet dangling. Little by little his body slid farther over the brink. He clung to the bush with one hand. "Hey!" he yelled sharply.

Bernetta ran toward him. She looked, and screamed piercingly.

He was dangling down the face of the cliff—a single stunted shrub clutched in his right hand preventing him from a five-hundred-foot fall—so far, at least, as she could see. She didn't know that Bailey had prepared for that "fall" carefully—that, gripped in his other hand, was a rope which ran in a crack, beneath moss, over the top of the precipice to a tree.

After she had screamed she knelt and grabbed his arm. She pulled, but he was too heavy. He looked at her terror-stricken countenance. His own face was calm. "If you hate me so," he said evenly, "why don't you yank the bush loose?"

Her only reaction was to tug harder and gasp, "God, give me strength!"

She started stripping off her sweater. He let the bush slip through his fingers a couple of inches.

Frantically she tied one arm of her sweater around his neck. The other she hitched to the base of a larger bush. "Can't you use it for a rope?" she gasped.

"I'll try." He tested the sweater. He came up on it hand over hand. Bernetta tottered, close to collapse. He moved her away from the edge—gently. They started down the mountain. He consoled her. And he thought, if Bernetta Smith had tried three times to kill him, why had she refused to avail herself of a perfect opportunity? He was pretty sure that, in spite of circumstances, Bernetta Smith was innocent.

He regretted his deliberate attack on her. He tried to apologize for it.

To his surprise and relief, the woman responded to his stumbling explanation by saying, "You know, Rob, you were really right. Going through a thing like that makes me realize it. Let's make friends."

"I'd like to."

"When this vacation is ended, I'm going back to work. I came to see you one day in your office. I was low and broke. You weren't in, they said. I was going to ask you to lend me some money. When I heard you were out, I said I'd wait, and your secretary went to lunch. The reason I said I'd wait was purely feminine. I'd seen Mary Brookhart in a car parked on the Fifth Avenue side of your building. I wanted to know if you and Mary were going places again."

"I've only run into Mary two or three times this fall," Bailey replied casually, "and I never went any place with her. She must have been waiting for somebody else."

"Maybe," Bernetta answered. "But when I gave up sitting it out for you, and went into the elevator, she got out on your floor and started toward your office. She never noticed me at all."

Bailey regarded the ground ahead. " Did she? I didn't get any message. I did hear that you'd been in, though. Good thing you decided not to wait. I sat in that damn conference till three. My lunch was cold, and I was half shot when it was ended."

" I'll bet. Your lunch came up while I sat there. I took a peek at it. Almost sneaked it. You see, I was pretty darn broke. Seriously broke."

" Has it really been as tough as that? "

" Just that tough."

" Look, Bernetta. I said I didn't love you. I don't. But I'd like to be your friend. And—when we get back to town—I'll put an oar in for you."

" That's all I need! "

Bailey stared at her a moment, tripped, and grinned. " I'm practically glad that I did fall over that cliff! "

" Me—too—now. But I was scared sick."

Night again.

They sat around the dinner table. A morbid group. The death of the guide had reduced them to long silences. Bailey had exacted from Bernetta a promise to say nothing about his narrow escape.

CAREY and Evelyn stayed on the lake until darkness fell, and they paddled home in high spirits, which, by contrast, only emphasized the general feeling of gloom. Evelyn tried to make Bailey feel acutely the pleasure she had presumably obtained by her hours of dereliction. " Carey is a *perfectly adorable* companion! " she said.

The captain wouldn't be taunted. He winked at his partner. " I ought to know. Carey and I have spent a lot of time together doing funny things in funny places."

MacGreggor flushed and stared at his plate.

Mitchell began to discuss the day's bag of grouse.

" I'm going out tomorrow," Mary Brookhart announced. " And I'll bet I get the first moose."

No one was especially amused. Mr. Walters looked at her. " You're fond of hunting? "

" Of course. I've spent a great deal of time hunting—everything—lions, rhinos, tigers—with Albert in India. That's where I met Robbie."

Walters still regarded her, his deep-set eyes thoughtful. He was a gaunt man with shaggy hair. He looked like a professor. " Some women," he continued, " seem to have more of an instinct for hunting than most men."

" Killing," the woman answered, " is defensive with men. The first person to think of it as an offensive measure was undoubtedly a woman. And women continue to be the force behind offense. Take our Robbie—again. I dare say he's killed plenty of people. But there was never any woman in his life—especially—so his deeds were always defensive. In philosophy, at least. Weren't they, Robbie? "

" Always, my dear. I always gave my enemies the first shot—free."

Mitchell snorted.

Portrait of an inferiority complex

OSCAR DOESN'T WEAR A WIG ... YET HE HAS TOUPÉE HAIR

Water makes the grass grow green, but too much is bad medicine for the hair.

It washes away the natural oils, leaves the hair stiff and brittle. Makes it go haywire as soon as the dew evaporates.

If your locks defy the comb, stop soaking your hair with water and reach for Kreml instead.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Walters said placidly to Mrs. Brookhart, " Did you ever kill any one, by any chance? "

His wife murmured, " Logan! "

There was a constrained silence at the table. The mysterious manner in which her two husbands had met their death made such a question either ignorant or intolerably rude. Mrs. Walters knew that her husband's question was framed in a mistaken facetiousness. He never listened to gossip. But no one else could be sure.

Mary Brookhart said, " Why, of course! Haven't you heard? I killed *both* my husbands. And I tried once to kill Robbie. Then there have been any number of lesser murders—let me see. Oh, I'll tell you about it sometime."

Some one deftly changed the topic.

After dinner Mrs. Walters cornered the captain.

" I'm not young or pretty," she said to him in simulated airiness, " but I'd like to talk to you."

He nodded " yes," and presently cheerily invited her to look at the stars.

From the first time he had met Mrs. Walters he had liked her. She was childless, and yet she reminded him more of a mother than any woman he knew. He had struck up a friendship with the wife of his general manager upon which he had often relied in hours of stress. He would drop in without phoning at their apartment. He had once explained his feeling about her to Nelson Dudley by saying, " She doesn't exactly bake cookies for me, but she gives me the same comfortable emotion." And it was on her account that he had saved her husband from disgrace.

Gaily he took Martha Walters's reassuring arm and led her down to the pier.

" Rob." Her tone was serious. " I'm going to ask you a question. You won't like it."

He sat her down on a bench and stood in front of her. " All right," he said quietly. " Shoot."

" Did my husband kill that guide last night—thinking it was you? "

He took a package of cigarettes from his pocket. They smoked. " I don't know, Martha," he replied at last. " Go on."

" I knew you were lying this morning."

" Well? "

" I don't know what you did to my husband three years ago; but since—something happened at that time—he's always been loud in your praise. I thought his feeling was genuine. But lately he's been having terrible nightmares about you. So bad, that going to the office to work where you are every day has been a strain to him. Last night he couldn't sleep at all. I caught him two or three times, fully dressed, going out for a prowl—or coming in. Besides, he's thoroughly familiar with archery. Belongs to a club in Westchester."

" I see," Bailey said gloomily.

" You don't have to tell me a word, Rob. I know you're frightened sick. I've guessed that some one has been attacking you and that you brought us all up here to try to find out who the person was. You don't even have to tell me if that's right. If I can help at any time—"

HE put his arm around her ample shoulders. " You're a swell gal, Martha. Let me ask you a question. Do you think anybody else has guessed—what I'm up to? "

" No, Rob. No. Men don't make guesses like that. And Evelyn and Mary and Bernetta are all too vain to look into things deeply enough—"

" Thanks."

She squeezed his hand. " Please—*please* be careful! "

That night Evelyn didn't kiss her fiancé; almost snubbed him. Her father and Mr. Walters got him talking about his weapons and curios. That brought their somewhat rusted condition to Bailey's irritated attention.

When every one had retired he sat before the fire, a basketful of swords, cutlasses, daggers, dueling pistols, and other weapons beside his chair, a newspaper on his lap, and, on the table at his elbow, bottles of oil, a heap of clean rags, and a whetstone.

Alone with them, he fell to thinking. Agitations assailed him, and doubts, in a ceaseless flow. You couldn't be sure that your real murderer would wish to embrace the single chance you provided.

He began to plan other deathtraps for himself—other vivid and simple opportunities for potential murderers—opportunities, however, for which he could have a reliable antidote instantly prepared.

A long time afterward he heard somebody walking softly down the hall. The top stair creaked.

Bailey let the dagger he was sharpening drop into his lap. He relaxed his hands. He closed his eyes. He began to breathe evenly and slowly.

Inch by inch Mary Brookhart came down the stairs. He watched from beneath one eyelid and ascertained that she was carrying no gun in her hand. She crept into the center of the room. Then, in a very low voice, she said, " Hello, Robbie! Want company? I couldn't sleep! "

When he did not reply, she walked around him and looked at him for a long while. When she was sure he was asleep, she made a silent tour of the room. She looked into the dining room, and out the windows. She glanced behind a tall screen.

FINALLY, smiling enigmatically, she came toward him again. Very gently she lifted the dagger from his lap. She felt its edge and its point—hefted it calculatingly. She turned toward him again.

He was ready. Through his lashes he watched. It glittered in her hand. When it rose, he would still be motionless. When it descended, he would intercept it with a leap like that of a sprung trap.

But it didn't descend. Mary Brookhart quietly replaced the dagger on his lap and sat down on a bench beside the fire, waiting, as if she expected her psychic presence, or the scent of her alluring perfume on the air, or time itself, would finally rouse him.

So he stirred, opened his eyes, saw her, and said, " Hello, Mary! "

" Hello, Robbie. I couldn't sleep. I came down. You looked so peaceful. I was amusing myself with your trinkets."

Bailey had no intention of conducting a conversation with Mary Brookhart. The fact that she had not stabbed him had left him numb. He looked at his watch. He exclaimed, " Good Lord! Two fifteen! I've got to turn in! You go back to bed, Mary. Read a book. Flock of them over there."

He went to his room, calling Rodgers on the way. Rodgers took his bed.

" Don't *you* fall asleep! " he cautioned the detective.

" Do you think I'm *likely* to sleep, sir? "

Bailey went out the window and across the porch. He found his sleeping bag. He carried it a considerable distance from the house, circled, and spread it on a bed of faded and dried sphagnum. Over him and around him were tall ferns. He lay down.

His awakening was like that of the previous day. He became instantly conscious, and with a presentiment of being watched. Again the light was gray. Again he feigned sleep and looked carefully up.

This time he saw the woman standing over him.

He had a brief glimpse of her—and then she ran.

Bailey was on his feet, his automatic in his hand, in pursuit of her in much less than a second. He overtook her rapidly, and when he did so, still without knowing who it was, he grabbed her.

It was Mrs. Walters's maid—Beth. She looked like a frightened deer. Her brown hair was disheveled. Her eyes were wide, her nostrils dilated, her hands crossed on her heaving chest.

" I wouldn't have wakened you—for my life! " she gasped.

" You—you were looking at me yesterday! "

" I've loved you ever since I was six years old. You don't know me. You won't remember me. You taught me to ride. At the army post in Texas. Me and a lot of other kids."

She laughed. " I guess you're more scared than I am. I'll try to explain fast—so we won't both go crazy. My name's Beth Conrad. My father and I lived in Texas when I was little. We were rich then. You taught a kids' riding class. I adored you. I kept track of you—through the newspapers—till I was seventeen or eighteen. Then I almost forgot, until—one day—you came into the

Walters's house. That's why I stayed on.”

“Oh,” he said absurdly. “Is it?”

“You see, father died. I lost all his money. I had to work. I didn't know anything but how to be rich. But I did know what my maids knew. I decided to be a maid. Mrs. Walters took me. I hated it. Then—one night—you called. I saw you from upstairs. So I stayed on. See?”

Bailey's brain turned back twenty years and more, and placed, in a forgotten group of kids who had helped him while away a number of empty afternoons, the face of Beth Conrad—snub-nosed then, and under a boy's haircut. “I see,” he said. “You had a crush on me when you were little. Then I happened to turn up again in your life, so you—”

The light was getting better. He was able to see the flush on her face and the expression in her eyes.

“So I stayed where I was, and I learned about you. Martha—Mrs. Walters—likes to talk about you.”

“Martha,” he answered dryly, “evidently knows all about you, since you call her by her first name.”

“Privately,” Beth replied. “I'm her maid—companion, if you like. She told me that you were in trouble here.”

“She didn't tell me that she'd told you,” he said bluntly.

“No. She wouldn't. But night before last I was looking out the hall window when you went over the roof. I was on my way to bed, wearing mules. I snitched a pair of shoes that were in front of a door to be cleaned, and I followed you.”

“Good heavens!” A startling thought occurred to Bailey. “You didn't sit there all night, did you?”

“Stood.”

He gulped. “What—that is—were you armed?”

She shook her head. “No. But I could have yelled.”

“And you stood on guard tonight all night, too?”

“Not quite all night. I had a terrible time finding you.”

“Don't you ever sleep?”

“In the afternoons. Mrs. Walters gives me plenty of time.”

He saw more light. “Oh. She knows about this mad infatuation of yours and your habit of guarding—”

“Of course. I told her as soon as I got back yesterday morning.”

“I PRESUME Martha has told you exactly *what* prompts me to hide in the bush?”

“Oh, yes. Fully.”

“Wouldn't you like this revolver, then, because I'm going to desert you here and now? And there may be bogiemen in the woods—”

She surprised him. She said, “Thanks,” and took it.

Bailey went up into the pine tree and over the roof. He sent Rodgers away to get some sleep. He lay down in his own bed. He stared at the ceiling, a thoroughly unnerved man. Was the girl crazy? Or was Martha?

That was it! Just like Martha! She'd found the girl, hired her, learned her story, discovered that she knew him, and deliberately brought her to Lonely Lodge. As an antidote for Evelyn? He knew Martha didn't like his fiancée. Or—in the girl's own right? After all, Martha was sentimental—but less a fool than most men he knew. He was alternately annoyed and inexplicably pleased.

He knew only, in the following three days, that it was impossible to get Beth off his mind.

Three days.

He saw her seldom. But, even on the rare and brief occasions when he did, Evelyn noticed enough to remark upon it. “Pretty, isn't she? I never knew you had a taste in servant girls.”

Evelyn was giving so much time to Carey that every one began to wonder if she were not either overdoing her revenge, or changing her interest from Bailey to his partner.

THINGS were happening at Lonely Lodge in those three days—little things—which had no relation to any purpose Bailey could imagine. Mysterious things. Things suggestive of a possibility that kept him awake all night, alert all day.

On the morning of the day upon which he had caught Beth guarding him in the dawn, Mitchell got his moose, not fifty yards from where Bailey had dumped him into the river. Carey and Evelyn, out for a walk, caught a young beaver and brought it to camp. They spent hours making a pen for it. The chef brought in a quarter of the moose—triumphantly—before lunch. The guides had its skin and head salted down almost as quickly. Ralph, trolling alone, had landed a really gigantic pike. He came in, flushed and excited.

Over the pine-topped luncheon table the guests solemnly and decently decided to attend the guide's funeral. It was there that Bailey's new fear formed its first root.

Every one was present. They had made a grave under an oak tree at the foot of a boulder in the near-by woods. They walked to it—guides, servants, guests. Nelson Dudley read a service. The women dropped wild flowers on the plain board coffin. They didn't sing. They felt respect—not the sadness of losing an intimate friend. Sun stippled the tranquil spot. “Ashes to ashes,” Nellie read impressively. It was the best rite they could manage for an almost anonymous man's burial.

Then it happened.

Bailey heard it—felt it with his body—though it was very trifling.

“Ashes to ashes,” Nellie had said.

And—far away—very far—there was a shot.

All of the captain's party are present and accounted for. Who, then, was out there in the wilderness? A new, unknown foe, or some innocent hunter? It adds another complication to an overwrought situation, the solution of which strikes its final, surprising climax in next week's concluding installment.

YOU MADE AUNT CONNIE CRY!
YES, YOU DID, MR. NED ... SHE SAID YOU RUINED THE PARTY FOR HER, GOING ALL COVERED WITH WHISKERS THE WAY YOU DID!
SO THAT'S WHY CONNIE WAS SO COOL LAST NIGHT ... BLAST THIS BEARD OF MINE!
LATER THAT DAY
THAT'S THE STORY, MAC, BUT WHAT'LL I DO ... I CAN'T STAND TWO SHAVES A DAY!
TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM, SON ... THAT SMALL BUBBLE LATHER GIVES A SOOTHING SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT REALLY LASTS ... NO STING OR BURN EITHER!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
BEFORE THE NEXT PARTY
OOH—I GUESS AUNT CONNIE WON'T BE 'SHAMED OF YOU TONIGHT, MR. NED!
NOT A CHANCE, SUSIE ... I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S THIS MORNING AND THESE SKIN-LINE SHAVES SURE LAST ... TELL HER I'M HERE, WILL YOU?
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

I AM THE MOST UNHAPPY

The Mother of "Five Rich Little Orphans" Speaks Her Mind at Last —A Message to Mothers Everywhere

from ELZIRE DIONNE

as told to

LILLIAN BARKER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TWO months ago, on July 9, I had another baby. My first words to the doctor were:

"Is it a boy—and is it only one?"

Dr. Joyal is a good-natured French-Canadian. He looked at me and laughed, and said, "It *is* a boy, and it's only one. But were you expecting quins again?"

I laughed too; and I have smiled very little since I was separated from my five baby daughters. I told the doctor I most certainly had not expected quins. My heart had been set on a boy—just *one*.

Dr. Joyal said he was glad I'd got my wish; he hated to see mothers of newborn babies disappointed.

I thought, What about fathers? But I didn't say anything, for I knew Oliva had his wish, too.

You see, after the birth of the quins the doctors had said I never could have another child. So Oliva, when I told him I was going to, could hardly believe it.

"After a year of grieving for the little quins," I said, "I am sure God is sending us another baby to ease the pain of having our family cut in half."

Oliva sat down beside me, near the stove, and said: "You are right, *ma chère*. That *is* why we are to have another baby. But I hope and pray to God the child will be a boy, and only one. For one baby we can be sure of keeping with us, can't we?"

So do you wonder that I laughed when I knew my wishing and Oliva's had come true? I was so happy I promptly named the little one after his papa.

Then, a little later, I became very sad. I was watching the older children—Ernest, Rose, Thérèse, Daniel, and Pauline—as they lined up around the bassinet to take their first peek at the baby. For I realized that the quins should have been in that line-up too.

And how I wanted to see them there, those five little darlings! For six weeks I had had to deny myself a glimpse of my five famous daughters, though thousands of tourists—strangers—had been seeing them twice a day.

It was really the tourists who kept me from going to the quins' hospital just before the birth of my littlest baby. The tourists and the newspaper reporters and photographers who were waiting to catch me if I poked my head outside my door! I didn't let them. No; for six long, weary weeks I remained a shut-in.

The last two weeks of my "imprisonment" the weather was almost unbearable. The temperature went up to 107 degrees in the shade. I tried not to complain. I knew my Oliva was anxious about me. I didn't even tell him how I longed to see the quins I couldn't visit.

He read my heart and mind just the same, though. Once, I remember, he said, "This is a crying shame, Elzire! Here you are, a *prisoner!* And, just think, people actually envy you! Think of the women who've told you that you are the luckiest woman in the world, and that you ought to be the happiest! If they realized what you are going through now, and have gone through—"

"If they did," I said, "they would understand why I am *the most unhappy mother in the world today!*"

Lying there in bed, the afternoon of the very day Baby Oliva was born, I heard two of his quin sisters crying in their hospital home, only a stone's throw down the road. Of course children their age often cry when there is nothing seriously wrong. I knew that. All the same they were *my* babies, and I thought:

What wouldn't I give to comfort those little darlings; to wipe and kiss away their baby tears!

Then I began to wonder if they had forgotten me. Could I expect them not to, when we hadn't met for weeks on end?

"As if those quins could forget their mama!" Oliva said, trying to laugh away my fear.

But I worried anyhow. I kept asking myself over and over if my five rich little orphans—and when all's said and done, that's what they are, isn't it?—would turn away from me as if I were a stranger.

I am only twenty-seven. Yet it seems years and years since the day when I was just a farmer's wife and the happy mother of five fine children.

In those good old days the only thing we had to worry us was how we'd get through the bad years. But I wasn't French for nothing. I knew how to be thrifty. And to save Oliva the price of a hired man, I even helped with the plowing, right along with him in the field.

I helped him with the sowing, the reaping, the loading and unloading of hay. He was always thoughtful of me. Working out there together, we often talked about the children. I recall that Oliva, the proud papa, once actually stopped plowing to exclaim:

"What do you know about six-year-old Ernest and five-year-old Rose? This morning, while you were upstairs sweeping, they were downstairs singing Au Clair de la Lune—that song you taught them yesterday. Sang it without missing a word or a note!

"And Thérèse—she counted all the way to fifteen! Not bad, eh, for such youngsters!"

I thought it was pretty good too.

From this you can see that, for us, work was pleasure. It pleased me when Oliva said one afternoon at sunset:

"You're the best farm hand I've ever had, Elzire; you work so fast and so well. And you're not a 'sun watcher,' like a lot of hands I've hired."

Only recently we both laughed over that once more.

"I meant it," he said. "What's more, you deserve all the compliments I ever paid you. And certainly"—he swallowed hard, for he's very tender and sympathetic—"you do not deserve your present unhappy lot."

I didn't need sympathy, however. Why should I have minded labor or shrunk from it? Wasn't I a farmer's

MOTHER IN THE WORLD

Mama Dionne, soon after the birth of her world-famous quins, with their elder brothers and sisters — Pauline, Daniel, Therese, Rose, and Ernest. Right: Dr. Joyal, who brought their baby brother into the world in July.

daughter? And mama, before she was laid low by the lingering illness of which she finally died, hadn't she often helped papa in the field?

Yes, the daughters of Corbeil farmers are brought up to work. And because I was an only girl with six brothers, and because mama died when I was just eleven, even as a child I had plenty to do. I tried to take mama's place as much as I could. I helped around the house, and I mothered my two younger brothers, Lias and Henri. But never will I forget how I wanted to be mothered too!

I was married on September 15, 1925, and by January, 1934, I'd had six children. One of them, little Léo, we lost. He died of pneumonia when only two months old.

It seemed to me I'd never get over his death. Yet I knew it was God's will that he should go, and God's will isn't to be questioned, is it?

But separation by death and separation *in life*—they are different! That's why I'll never, never be able to resign myself to this cruel separation from the quins.

Lots of you city women might have considered it a burden to have six babies in nine years, but I didn't. We French-Canadians are used to large families. We love them. And in February, 1934, when I began making a layette for the baby I was expecting in July, I said to myself: "The more the merrier!"

And along with that thought came the feeling that I might have twins. So I hummed lullabies and thought:

Even if we are hard up, our little July baby, or babies, will have enough clothes for the summer. And by fall—well, who knows what will happen? Conditions may be better for us and all other farmers.

But the July baby, instead of being one or two, was five! They came in May, two whole months ahead of time. And they changed our whole lives.

For days it looked as if the quintuplet birth would really cost me my life. The babies, too, seemed doomed. They were so fragile. It was a miracle that saved us.

In saying this I'm not forgetting the good care we all received. Both Oliva and I are mighty thankful for that care—and we always will be.

At the same time, we know that rich men's babies and wives, even with the help of the best and costliest doctors, often die. That's why we believe that *le bon Dieu* who wrought the miracle of the quins' birth also wrought the miracle of our survival.

I was so thankful! On the brink, I had been afraid my children would be left motherless, just as I myself had been. I can never forget that sad and lonely childhood of mine. I used to sob myself to sleep at night because I missed my mother so. Now that I'm grown, and a mother, I ask myself how the quins will feel about me when they get a little older.

I know how the children who are with me feel when going-to-bed time comes. They wouldn't think of letting anybody except mama tuck them in. But the *famous five!* They live away from me, in an institution.

And children brought up in an institution can never be like children brought up at home by the father and mother who love them better than anybody else could. Just visit any orphanage, no matter how fine and clean and well kept, and see the heart-hungry, home-hungry looks on the faces of the children there!

And if the Dionne Act of Parliament remains in effect, my quins will continue to be orphans sixteen years longer. Till they are eighteen—grown young ladies!

In July, all the time I was in bed, I was fretting about them. Much as I adored my new baby son, I had a most unhappy time of it.

BUT on July 25, the day I finally returned to the hospital, my five *petites* showed me that they must have missed me as much as I'd missed them.

They were all lined up before a window in the sun room. And from a distance they spied me and recognized me. They got so excited they pounded on the window and shouted to me to hurry to them.

And did I hurry! You should have seen me!

If only you could have seen our grand reunion! The *petites* fell all over themselves and each other in their rush toward me. Then Cécile raced to a cabinet where toys are kept. She dragged out a "quin basket," her own prized possession, and in another second she was slipping it into my hand "as a gift of welcome."

We perched ourselves on the covered-over radiator, and there we had a real loving, fondling, kissing party.

I had to interrupt these goings-on to tell the big news about the baby brother. I said:

"He has hair and eyes like yours, but he weighs only ten pounds. That means you are more than twice as big as he is."

This big surprise brought lots of gleeful hand clapping. We played together happily for a while—such a little while! Then it was time to leave. Five little girls began to cry. Marie, running along with me to the door, caught my right hand and clung to it. Yvonne held fast to my left hand, trying to keep me with them.

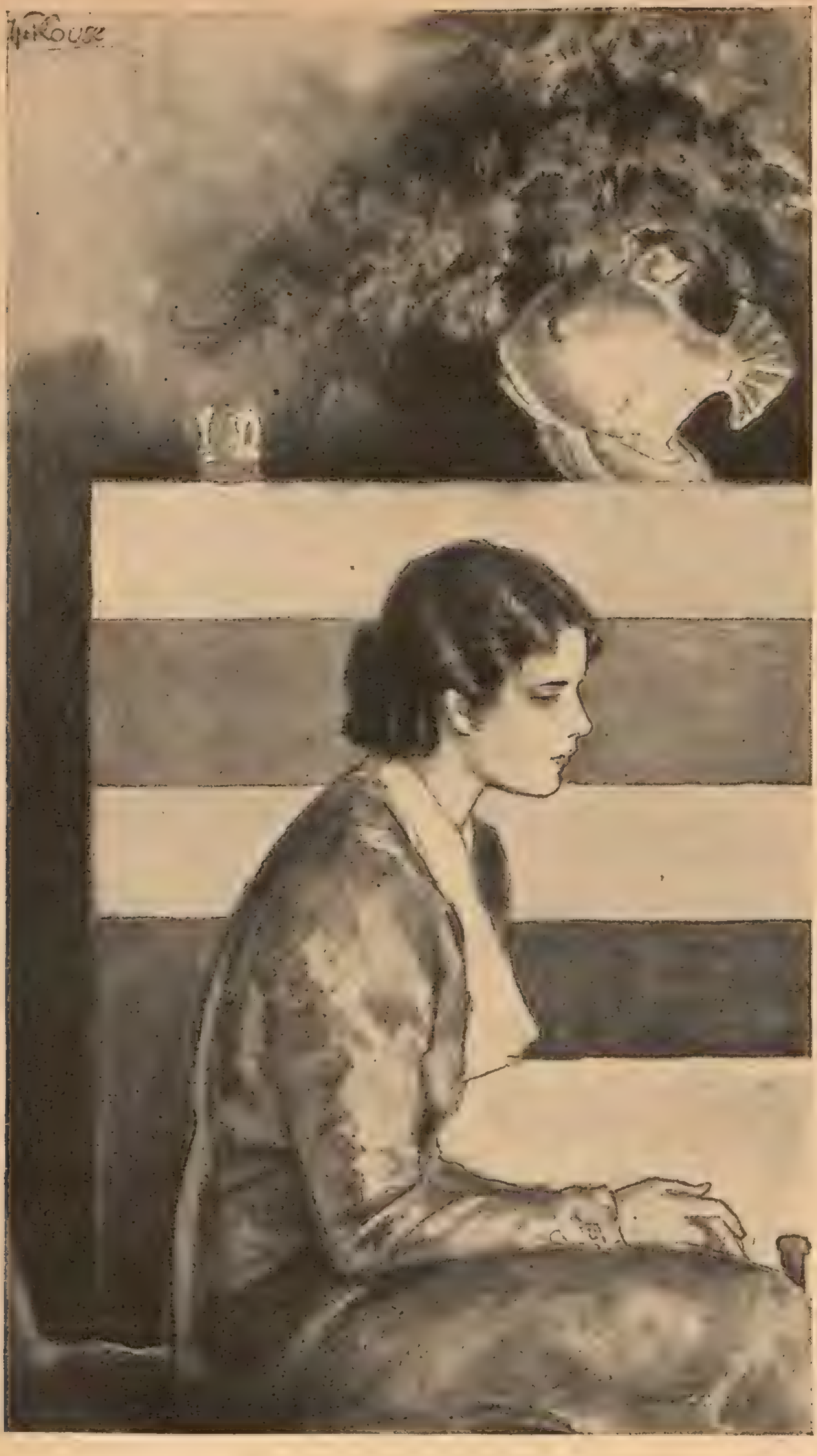
But I had to go, of course, though my grief was much greater than theirs.

Today, now that they are over two years old and well and strong, I can't see any good reason for keeping them away from me, and in a hospital.

Now I wonder if any of you women still envy me! If you do, and if for the wishing you should have quintuplets you can't keep, all I can say is:

God help you—and your little quins!

THE END



Everything IN LIFE

A Tale of Two Women . . . A Searching Story of the Things that Mean Success, and the Bewildering, Glorious Madness that Is Love

by MILDRED DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

KATHERINE DOUGLAS was a fortunate woman. She admitted it often and willingly. At forty she had acquired the exquisite patina that comes from beauty nurtured, wealth, and position. Allen Douglas, her husband, adored her. Her children, Lucy (Bennington) and Allen, Jr. (Andover), were the despair and envy of less fortunate parents.

For the long summer months there was a rambling house on the Cape. For the winter there was the flat—never called an apartment—which was altered annually by the wild-eyed but popular Jennie Velie Frost, whose interiors this season looked like submarine gardens. Summer and winter there were lectures, shopping, bridge, matinees, dinners.

" Kathy leads a charmed life," all her friends agreed.

Little Anne Trevor, humorously venomous, once said: " I get ghastly sick of hearing about Kathy's perfections. I always think of you, Kathy, when the oil burner refuses to work, Hildah retires to her room with a heart attack and a confessions magazine, and Charles starts rowing about bills. I'd like to get up in meeting sometime and shout, ' Kathy isn't the lucky creature you think she is, nor the perfect woman you suppose her. She has a secret vice—cocaine. She keeps a Rumanian lover in a penthouse. She hates kiddies and poisons dogs.' "

Anne's speech was greeted with light laughter, but Kathy lowered her lids and felt a flush lave her arms and neck. She wanted to shout at them, especially at Anne, who was so sure she was Job's little sister, " I have a charmed life? I haven't any life! "

Yes, sometimes she felt that was the truth.

But how could she put into words the evidence that led to that conclusion—the awful clear awakening in the early morning that sent her pacing the floor, smoking cigarette after cigarette—the feeling that she wanted to run, to smash things?

Allen knew. He had been tender, sympathetic, grave. He no longer came near the pale-pink-and-burgundy room that was Katherine's. Instead he scribbled notes for her breakfast tray, admonishing her not to do too much, not to forget her doctor's appointment, or to meet him somewhere for luncheon.

Dr. Carleton Carleton knew. His dry incisive voice had said, " There isn't anything functionally or organically wrong with you, Mrs. Douglas. Perhaps if you were to take a more active role in your household—women lose the priceless sense of possession by leaving everything to servants. Or a voyage—a long leisurely one. Or take a course in something. I had one patient who cured herself by studying bird life."

Take a more active interest in her household? Katherine had dismissed every one but Gerda and her husband, Kurt; and they were more than efficient in managing everything. Of course she had to have Mrs. Engblohm. Mrs. Engblohm's strong fingers massaged the weary ache from her arms and her shoulders. And she had to have Dr. Pound. She had been ashamed to tell Dr. Carleton about Dr. Pound.

Dr. Pound wasn't a physician. He was a fashion. Two afternoons a week he taught Kathy the art of relaxing.

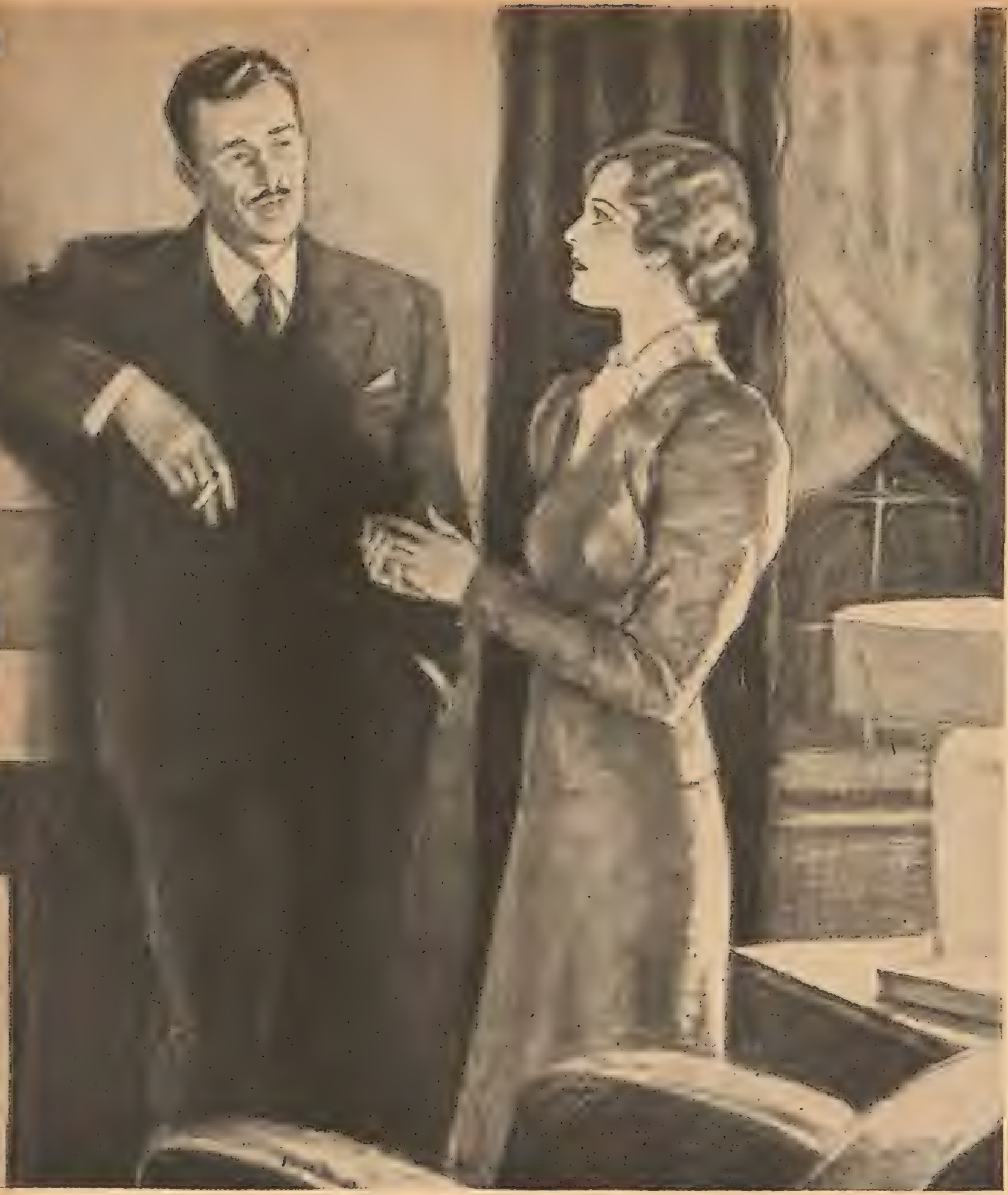


ILLUSTRATION BY W. F. COUSE

"Hallie's coming home with me," he said easily. "Now. The East River air isn't good for her."

" Ah, ah," his soothing tones began. " Let the floor support you. Drop your jaw. Close your eyelids gently, gently. Now come with me to the riverbank. See how the reeds bend over the stream. It is warm. The river is like silver sparkling in the sun. Lie down on the grassy bank. You are falling, falling, falling. . . . Sleep. Only the murmur of the river! "

A voyage? Katherine waved that aside. Hadn't she sipped violet tea in the mountains of India, sailed through the seven seas, known Lima, Budapest, Akbar, Tokyo, and Port Said? She had had her fill of voyaging.

SERIOUSLY she had joined a class in sculpting under Pierre du Jardin. She came home from his studio with pink scrubbed hands and a bewildered look in her eyes. It had been delightful for a time, but she no longer kept from herself the knowledge that du Jardin's afternoon classes for women were mere kindergartens. They amused du Jardin even more than they did his pupils.

This March morning was another stitch in the seam of her day. She went through the motions of living. Bath. Hot and then cold, Dr. Carleton had ordered. Katherine shrank from the icy spray. She compromised with hot and hotter. Breakfast. A good substantial meal, the doctor had advised. Katherine drank her orange juice and sipped a cup of black coffee. The mail. Bills, invitations, a letter from Lucy asking for a white satin gown for the Black-and-White Ball—" something slinky and wicked, mother "—and a note from Allen which she didn't open.

She lay back on her embroidered crepe pillow and stared at the ladders the Venetian blinds painted on the ceiling.

Gerda knocked on the door. There was something insistent and scornful in her rat-tat-tat. She was not coming for the breakfast tray. There was something more. Vaguely disturbed, Katherine bade her come in.

" Your sister. She iss here. I tell her you vas sleeping. She vaits, one-two hour maybe."

There was scorn in Gerda's heavy figure, sly triumph in her malachite-green eyes. Katherine jumped from her bed.

" Oh! " she cried. " You knew you should have called me! "

A voice caroled from the hall, " I's comin', honey chile; yo' ole black mammy Hallie's comin'! " And Hallie stepped into the room.

The sisters rushed toward each other and stopped midway, awkwardly, Hallie's outstretched hands retreating guiltily into the frayed pockets of her coat.

Hallie didn't belong in the shut-in warmth and ease of this room, and felt it. Shabbiness, and something else, something unnamed, accused her of trespass. Her face was yellow, pinched. Her shoes were worn and wet. Her hat was a hat only because it topped the hair that fell most unbecomingly around her ears. Her deep-set dark eyes were filled with embarrassment and hurt—yet there was affection in them and a defiant gaiety.

" Aren't you glad to see me, Kathy? " she asked.

For one moment Kathy hated her sister for stirring in her such deep pity. It was obscene.

" I'm frightfully glad," she said. " But I'm so surprised! I didn't know you were in town, darling. Sit down here while I dress."

Hallie sat down and reached for a cigarette in a Lalique box, struck a match, and watched the fan of flame.

" You wouldn't know I was in town. West Forty-sixth Street. That isn't town for you."

" Roger? "

Hallie said quietly, still staring at the flame, " I've left him."

" For good? You're sure? "

Impatiently Hallie lighted the cigarette and flicked the match into an ash tray.

" For good, for bad, forever. I'm through."

" Darling! " Kathy's eyes were suddenly moist.

A smile twisted Hallie's lean face.

" Don't pity me. I can't stand it. Not yet. I only came— Why did I come? Oh, yes. I want a bath. Have you a bath? "

" Don't use the light touch with me, Hallie." Kathy went to the window and pulled the curtain cord, shutting out the hard gray day. “Tell me everything.”

“There’s precious little I’d tell you, darling. You wouldn’t like it. I haven’t been denying myself sapphires. I’ve been without—food.”

“Oh, Hallie, Hallie!”

Tears came now to Katherine. She put her arms about her sister’s thin body, and noticed her coat smelled unpleasantly of root vegetables and coal smoke.

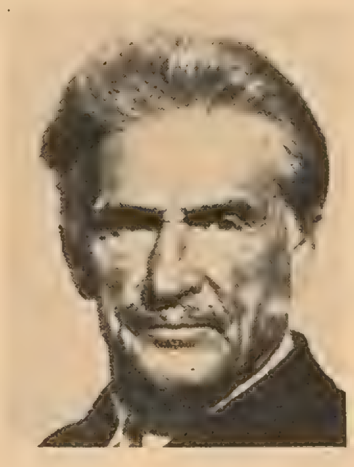
“I’m here now,” Hallie said brusquely, “and I feel like a piece of sticky taffy in a candy box. What about that bath—a real bath with pine crystals and that heavenly verbena soap that you always use? I’ve dreamed of a bath like that for years.”

ANNOUNCING

A Series of Radio
Discussions of
National Questions
by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST



Until further notice, Bernarr Macfadden, humanitarian, publicist, and philanthropist, will discuss a topic of national interest every Tuesday evening at 10 o’clock E. D. T. in a fifteen-minute broadcast over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

Arranged by and conducted under the auspices of Liberty, this series of discussions will have a strong appeal to every person who reads Mr. Macfadden’s editorial page in this magazine, which we believe is the most widely read and discussed editorial page published in America today.

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Every Tuesday at 10 P. M., E. S. T.

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Katherine drew away, a trifle shocked.

“Did you ever bathe with a python?” Hallie’s chatter voice demanded. “I must tell you about Carmencita sometime. She’s a circus girl over in the boardinghouse. She keeps her snake in the tub all day long, and when any one wants a bath he has to drag the squishy thing out of it. She feeds it rabbits, and gets a funny glutted look on her face watching it swallow them.”

“Ugh!” said Katherine.

Hallie tapped out her cigarette. She laughed and got to her feet.

“You look just about done up, Hallie,” Kathy said to her gently.

“Small wonder.”

Hallie pulled her hat over one ear, pursed her lips, and took a few swaggering steps forward.

“Miss Halcyon Pennall leaving Pierre’s,” she said, grimacing. “Remember when we were the charming Pennall girls? Tea at the Plaza, and all those pink-faced boys buying us orchids? Look at this Pennall, with a tag on her—‘Marked down, as is.’”

“Stop it!” Katherine cried, taking Hallie into her arms again. “That’s all over. Forget it. You’re here now, thank God. Allen will be as glad as I am to know you’ve come to your senses at last.”

“How is Allen? I’ve always thought of him as Allen the Amiable. Like a Saxon king, blond, bland, benign.”

“Good King Allen is the same,” Kathy admitted. “More bridge, less golf. That’s all.”

THE complacency in Katherine’s voice stirred Hallie.

“You don’t know how you ought to thank Providence for Allen,” she said. “But then you’ve always had everything. You always were Cinderella or Snowdrop or the princess when we played theater. They got everything too, the golden hair, the balls, the charming prince. I always used to think it was more fun to be the dwarf or the ogre—then. I wonder if you appreciate all you’ve got.”

“I’m not the princess,” Kathy said defensively. How curious it was to be on the defensive with Hallie! She even felt called on to explain.

“I—I haven’t been well lately,” she said, “and there are endless things to do, places to go—oh, things!”

Hallie flung herself on the bed.

“Listen to her!” she cried. “The plaint of the playgirl, poor thing.”

Katherine, busy with dressing, pretended not to hear. “Have you breakfasted, Hallie?” she asked. “I’ll have Gerda bring you some coffee.”

Hallie straightened herself and said flatly, “Tell Gerda to bring coffee, strawberries, eggs, toast, and cream. Lots of cream. I’m hungry. Ever been hungry, Kathy? It’s a most diverting experience. It’s a little like seasickness, and a lot like hell. You lie in bed and shiver, and visions of lamb chops with frilled petticoats float across your eyes.”

Katherine walked about the room, picking up trays and putting them down.

“Has it—has it really been as bad as all that, Hallie?”

But she could not endure that mood. She turned angrily on her sister.

“You might have told me!” she flared. “After all, I am your sister. I wasn’t to blame for your running away with Roger. I did everything I could to prevent it. So did mother. So did Allen. But when you found out—”

“Oh, I know,” Hallie interrupted coldly. “But have you forgotten the last time I came to you—when was it?—five years ago, and you wanted me to swear I’d give him up? I took an oath then, a solemn oath, that I wouldn’t ask either you or Allen for anything, not if I starved. But I didn’t know what it was to starve—not then. Now—well, I’ve changed my mind. That’s all. I’m willing never to see Roger Sheehan again. I’m licked. If you’ll let me stay with you—for a little while—until I can get something to do—I’ll be grateful. I’ll—”

“Nonsense! I’m glad you’re here. You know I love you—we both love you—Allen and I. It was only for your own good—”

She left the sentence unfinished, rang for Gerda, and became abruptly bright and gay.

“What will we do today? Shopping? Lunch? There’s such a lot of things I’d like to do with you, darling. You must see my Dr. Pound. He makes you relax.”

Hallie laughed at that.

“I don’t need Dr. Pound. If I can get a warm bed, three meals a day, and some decent clothes from you.”

“Good!” Katherine said. “Now, don’t tell me if you don’t want to—but is there any chance of Roger’s coming to his senses?”

“Roger? I’ll try to explain Roger to you. It’s taken me ten years to know him. Ten bitter years. But I know him. He gets a bitter pleasure out of his failure. He has a million avenues of escape. He tells himself the world’s all wrong and he’s all right. He’s weak and vain and selfish, and he’s hard too, in a queer sort of way. One winter in Nice I was fed up. I managed to get a job as nurse to a couple of English children. It meant security for us—food, clothes; but Roger made me quit. You see, he wants to fail and have me fail with him. It's cozier that way—if you can understand it."

Katherine shook her head. She didn't understand.

"Oh, what's the use of worrying over him?" she said. "He never was the man for you."

Hallie moved restlessly. "Oh, yes, he was. He always was, damn it!"

All that morning vague thoughts troubled Katherine, thoughts of Hallie and Roger and the life they had led together. Even in the shops during the afternoon her mind would stray to that disquieting subject. They were in Norine's, and a girl was taking measurements for a papier-mâché likeness of Hallie's head.

"Isn't this a Bluebeard's closet?" Hallie whispered. "All these heads labeled with women's names! I hope mine gets the place of honor—say next to Mrs. Albert Louder's. She's got a head like a gourd, but she's still Mrs. Albert Louder! What do you think her cranium will say to Mrs. Sheehan's—late of West Forty-sixth—if it deigns to speak?"

Katherine covered her confusion sharply.

"Don't pretend you came from the gutter," she said. "Sometimes I think you're bragging about your—your difficulties."

"Maybe I am," Hallie answered casually. "But everything does seem funny to me. It's like asking for bread and receiving the Cullinan. Poverty is so different from what one imagines—real poverty, I mean. You think, 'I'm not going to be like that; I'm different.' But you get to be like that after a time. You can't help yourself. Everybody's guttersnipy underneath."

KATHERINE looked at Hallie thoughtfully.

"We'll just have time to let Dr. Bueno look you over. Bueno is a beauty doctor—on scientific lines. He lifts faces without surgery. He simply pulls and pats them back into shape. He's an endocrinologist."

She went into further details as they left the shop. But she knew Hallie was paying little attention.

"All I need," Hallie said, "is a wave and a manicure, and—" and suddenly she clutched her sister's hand.

Katherine felt such a wave of emotion surging through Hallie that she wondered.

"What is it?" she said. "Are you ill?"

It was some little time before Hallie answered. "I saw a man—over there. He looked like—"

Katherine's excited eyes could see no one.

"Like Roger?" she asked. But she couldn't endure that. "Forget Roger," she said. "Shall I call Allen and have him meet us for cocktails?"

"I'd love it!" Hallie said emphatically; but it seemed to Katherine that Hallie had answered mechanically, that she was still searching the bewildering traffic for the man who had looked like Roger.

They met Allen in a long low room in the East Fifties that still retained the hush of a speakeasy though it glittered with chromium and patent leather. The air was filled with the birdlike chirrups and caw-caw-caws of women. Here and there was a man—always the same man, it seemed to Katherine—sleek and heavy, with veiled eyes. Allen wasn't like them, she thought. Allen was clean and blond and alert. She looked at him, studying him more critically than she had for years.

Watching him talking to Hallie, watching him laugh, that alarming feeling came back again full force. She turned away. In a far corner a young man, drooped over the keyboard of a grand piano, started to play, softly, as if he were playing to himself.

"I know him," she heard Hallie saying. "I'm sure."

The music grew louder. The musician looked up, saw Hallie. He jumped up and came swiftly to the table.

"Mme. Sheehan!" he cried. He laughed like a child. "It is such a pleasure! It makes me theenk such joyous things!"

"Oh, Ricardo," Hallie said, "I knew it was you. The minute you began to play I knew it. Without even seeing you. I can't forget—"

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"The leetle fat dog!" Ricardo interrupted. "And then M. Sheehan did the dance on the floor—like thees"—he snapped his fingers and twirled around. "You still have the leetle doggie?"

"Don't," Hallie begged, laughing helplessly. "We were all such fools."

She turned to Allen and Katherine and made the necessary introductions. "Ricardo was my good friend in Algiers," she added, "when Roger and I were dancing there in a café. He was the pianist. He's remembering—"

"You were professional dancers?" Katherine demanded.

"We were paid. Two meals a day. That makes us professionals. You do what you can, when you can."

"Sensible," Allen intervened blandly. "Now what would we do, Kath, you and I, if—"

"You'd make a grand doorman, Allen," Hallie couldn't help saying. "With those shoulders and long legs."

"But the doorman here," Ricardo explained seriously, "he is taken."

"You don't know Mr. Douglas, Ricardo," Hallie said. "I'm sure that he could even learn to yodel if he had to."

MILDRED DOHERTY

during the war worked on Chicago newspapers. Then to Mexico, during the oil boom, and following that—Hollywood, where she wrote a column for the Chicago Tribune. Then New York to cover movies for the Daily News. She is married to Edward Doherty, writer.

Katherine got quickly to her feet.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I must get out of here. I can't stand all this smoke."

They were followed to the door by an admiring and voluble Ricardo.

"I live on the Avenue Seexth," he said to Hallie. "You must let me see you sometimes, no? You must tell me sometime about the leetle dog and the so big turtle."

"You and Roger have had strange playmates, Hallie," Katherine said, too smoothly, as they were going home in Allen's car. But when the two were alone in Hallie's room, she asked almost timidly, "Was it fun, Hallie?"

"Was what fun?" Hallie asked.

"Dancing—Ricardo—that little dog—all that."

Hallie shrugged her shoulders.

"It seems fun now. We were probably all hungry and desperate then, as usual. I remember that café, Des Internationales, the dark corners, the smell of earth and wine and perfume, and tobacco smoke so thick it almost blinded me. Fun? I don't know—now. You aren't hankering for my shifty existence, by any chance, are you?" she added. "Why did you ask?"

Katherine twisted the stone on her finger, a square emerald that caught the lamplight in its cold depths and shattered it into a million tiny gleams.

"Why? No reason. Only—only I feel—I always feel as if I've missed out on something, something tremendous. But what it is, I don't know."

Hallie laughed, relieved.

"If that's all, let me tell you you're in rare luck. Everybody feels that way, I suppose. You've got everything in life, though. Everything. I guess you've had things so nicely padded you're lonesome for a hair shirt—for a day or two. You'll get over it."

Katherine protested.

"It isn't that. Maybe I'm just a poor sport."

"YOU couldn't be a poor sport, honey chile," Hallie soothed her. "Look at me, at what you've done for me. When I came in this morning I felt grubby and shy and apologetic. Look at me now. Amn't I gorgeous?"

She pirouetted slowly in front of Katherine.

Gerda came to the door and announced, "Mr. Sheehan."

Hallie froze in the attitude in which the name had found her. Her glance locked with that of Katherine. Neither woman spoke. Then Hallie's trembling hands pushed her hair from her face, and revealed spots of color on her cheeks. Katherine nodded to Gerda.

"Stay here, Hallie," she said. "I'll go."

Hallie shook her head.

"I'll go with you," she said. "If he wants to see me, he'll see me."

Roger stood by the fire in the living room, a giant shadow darkening the chimney. He turned and saluted Hallie with a taut grin and an outstretched right hand.

"Mrs. Sheehan!" he said. "You don't know how I've looked forward to seeing you again. And Mrs. Douglas!" He took Kathy's hand and solemnly kissed it. Hallie sat on the edge of the nearest chair and folded her hands in her lap.

"Hallie's going to stay with us for awhile," Kathy said in the soothing tone one uses to children and invalids. "She's—rather ill."

Elaborately Roger offered the sisters cigarettes from a crumpled package, and smiled at their refusal.

"Hallie's coming home with me," he said easily. "Now. The East River air isn't good for her."

"She's not!"

Katherine spat the words at him.

"You've treated her abominably. She's left you."

Roger answered with a grim smile.

"Wrong," he said. "I've treated her like a woman. That was evidently a mistake on my part, since she's been infantile enough to run to you when things go wrong."

"But I tell you she's ill," Katherine said, fighting desperately now, and knowing she must lose. "Can't you see she's ill? Look at her!"

Hallie lowered her eyes. Roger gazed at her for a moment, then smiled at Katherine.

"Beautiful," he said. "But then—she always was. Still, I don't like the idea of her staying here—to ornament this satin casket of yours, Katherine Douglas. Our apartment in West Forty-sixth Street needs her exotic beauty much more than this little palace."

"Hallie," Katherine cried, "tell him you're not going back to him! Tell him you're going to divorce him."

HALLIE sighed. The color came and went in her cheeks.

"If she tells me that," Roger said, "I'll go."

He underlined the words with a confident smile. "Coming, Hallie?" he asked.

"No," Hallie answered, "I'm not."

She got up quickly.

"Yes," she said. "I'm coming."

Katherine didn't believe it for a moment.

"If you go this time," she said coldly, "it's forever."

"I know." Hallie's voice seemed void of hope. "But—Oh, you don't know—you'll never know!"

She flew to Katherine, kissed her quickly. "How could you know?" she asked, and hurried out after her husband.

Katherine heard a catch of laughter peal from Hallie's throat, saw her face lifted to Roger's out there in the hall—a face luminous now and assured.

She wanted to follow them—to follow them wherever they might go; wanted to go without thought, without reason, as Hallie had gone. She stood without moving, wrestling with something deep inside her. She heard Allen's voice, outside somewhere, asking for Hallie.

"Hallie's gone," she said. "Gone with Roger."

Her voice toppled into a sob.

Allen came into the living room and stood before her, not touching her, merely commiserating with her.

"There, there," he said, "don't worry, darling. It wasn't your fault. You did everything possible. But—I guess she loves him!"

Katherine understood now, clearly, wildly, enviously. She lifted her arms and put them, timorously, around her husband's shoulders, and felt his strong arms drawing her to him; felt his lips against her cheek; heard him saying, "It's been so long, so long—and it's been so hard to love you so much, so very much, my dear."

Poor Allen! she thought. He loved her as Hallie loved Roger. Her hands stroked his hair. She felt good, clean. But her thoughts flew out to Hallie and Roger walking under the starless sky, listening to the music of a universe she could never know.

She had some things, she realized, some good things. But it was Hallie who had everything in life. Hallie had everything because she gave without stint. And what Hallie had, she too might have—if it were not too late.

The thought frightened her. She clung desperately to Allen. "It's been long," she whispered; "too long."

THE END

TEL. AND TEL. REDUCES RATES

New Tariffs Make Lower Charges Effective All Day Every Sunday

The American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and the 24 associated companies of the Bell System have filed with the Federal communications Commission new tariffs to take effect Jan. 15, 1936. These schedules provide for reduced Sunday rates on interstate long-distance calls and reduced rates on interstate person-to-person ... P. M. ... have been ... discounts ... number ...

Jan 1936

REDUCED RATES FOR LONG DISTANCE CALLS

Will Save $1,500,000 Annually To Telephone Users

A reduction in Bell System long-distance telephone rates between points separated by 390 miles or more was announced by the Bell Telephone ... would result in

1927

$5,000,000 CUT IN U. S. PHONE RATES FEB. 1

Reduction Covering Entire Nation Announced by ... Company.

UNCHANGED

1929

Long Distance Rate Cut Is Announced

Promise Public Savings Of $5,000,000.

A saving of more than $5,000,000 a year to the public is promised from new rates on telephone calls from one state to another due to a reduction ... for long-distance calls, effective Jan. 1, announced by Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., in New York late Saturday.

E. F. Carter, Cleveland, president ... Ohio Bell Telephone Co., ex- ... schedule calls

1930

NEW LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE RATES

Changes Mean Better Service and $3,000,000 Annual Saving to Public.

1926

RATES FOR LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALLS REDUCED

New Schedule Is Explained By District Manager Of Company.

Reductions in long distance telephone rates, making night "station-to-station" rates available an hour and a half earlier than heretofore, was announced Tuesday by Thornton Alexander, district manager of the Southwestern Bell Telephone company.

Under the new rate schedule, night "station-to-station" calls may be made between 7 p. m., and 4:30 a. m., on the lowest long distance rate, Alexander said. For several years, the night "station-to-station" rate has been available only between 8:30 p. m., and 4:30 a. m., he said. Tariff revisions for the ... rates were filed ... Southwestern ...

1935

and now ANOTHER REDUCTION IN *Long Distance* RATES

effective September 1st

The rates for telephone calls to most points where the station-to-station day rate was over $1.10 are reduced. Both station-to-station and person-to-person rates—day, night, and all day Sunday—are included in the reduction.

Also on person-to-person calls to most points, the station-to-station additional minute rate applies after six minutes of conversation.

This is the seventh reduction in the rates for Long Distance calls during the last ten years.

A table of representative new and former rates is shown at the right.

TYPICAL 3-MINUTE RATES		STATION-TO-STATION				PERSON-TO-PERSON			
		Day		Night and Sunday		Day		Night and Sunday	
BETWEEN	AND	New	Old	New	Old	New	Old	New	Old
Kansas City	St. Louis	$1.10	$1.15	$ .65	$ .70	$1.50	$1.55	$1.05	$1.10
Cleveland	Baltimore	1.30	1.45	.80	.85	1.70	1.85	1.20	1.25
Boston	Washington, D C.	1.50	1.65	.90	.95	1.90	2.05	1.30	1.35
Chicago	Pittsburgh	1.60	1.80	.95	1.05	2.05	2.25	1.40	1.50
St. Louis	Minneapolis	1.80	2.05	1.05	1.15	2.30	2.55	1.55	1.65
Atlanta	Washington, D. C.	2.00	2.35	1.15	1.30	2.60	3.00	1.75	1.95
Boston	Detroit	2.10	2.55	1.25	1.40	2.75	3.25	1.90	2.10
Chicago	New York	2.50	3.00	1.45	1.65	3.25	3.75	2.20	2.40
Denver	Pittsburgh	4.25	4.75	2.50	2.75	5.50	6.00	3.75	4.00
St. Paul	Seattle	4.50	5.25	2.75	3.00	5.75	6.50	4.00	4.25
Seattle	Dallas	5.25	6.00	3.25	3.50	6.75	7.50	4.75	5.00
Los Angeles	Detroit	6.00	7.25	3.75	4.25	7.75	9.00	5.50	6.00
Cleveland	San Francisco	6.50	7.75	4.00	4.50	8.50	9.75	6.00	6.50
New York	San Francisco	7.50	9.00	4.50	5.50	9.75	11.25	6.75	7.75
Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	1.15	1.20	.65	.70	1.55	1.60	1.05	1.10
Dallas	New Haven	4.50	5.25	2.75	3.00	5.75	6.50	4.00	4.25

She's traveling on the Sa

PERHAPS you saw in front-page headlines, last year's record of railroad safety. Yet this was only the peak record of many years' like achievement.

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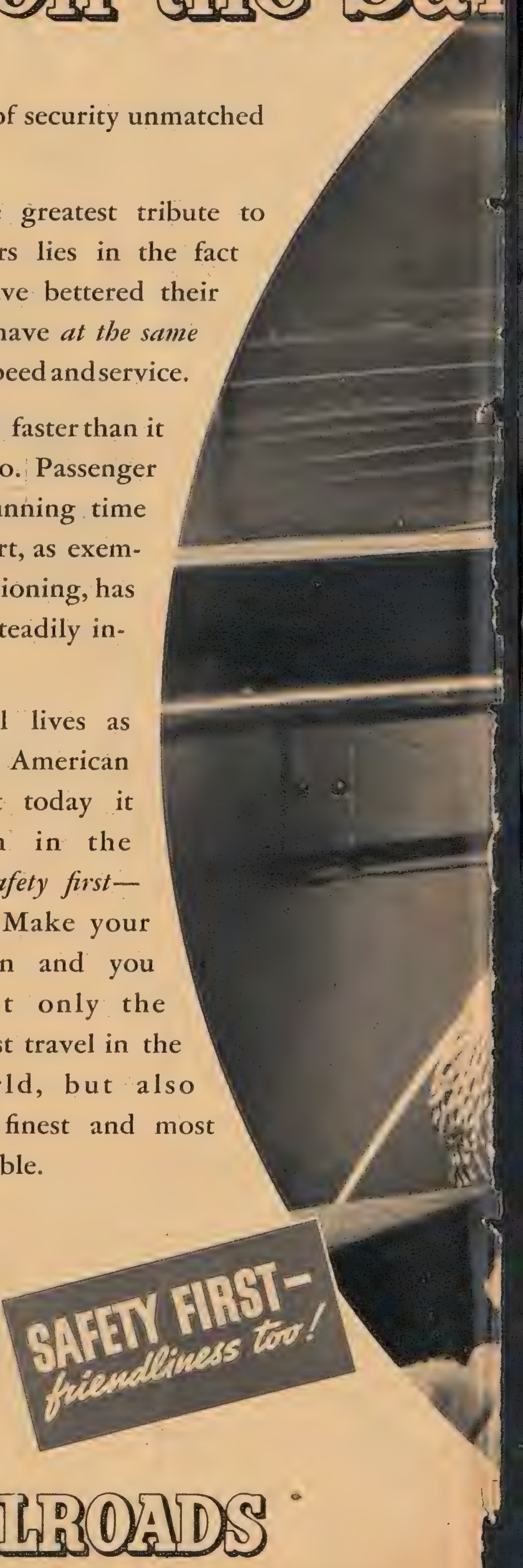

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Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

The STRANGE DEATH of THELMA TODD

Or, the Enigma of the Telephone Call—a Shrewd Outsider's Look Into Hollywood's Darkest Mystery

by

A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

with comment by ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

TALK about your postman's holiday! I had got as far from the New York Homicide Bureau as it was possible to get and stay on land. With the missus by my side, I was tooling down from Santa Barbara. Suddenly, just ahead, where a picturesque footbridge crossed the roadway from the hillside to the beach, I piped a congestion of automobiles. The magnet which had drawn these motorists from many states was a long, low white cement building set into a hillside which rose, at this point, almost straight up from the highway. The red-tiled roof glistened in the sunlight. So did the glasses and silverware and white linen of the tables under the arches of the long balcony which lined the front.

All of which meant nothing to me until I read the sign: "Thelma Todd's Sidewalk Café."

No wonder these dusty crowds had come from far and near! Here—or, rather, in the garage some three hundred feet up the steep slope—at 10.30 in the morning of Monday, December 16, 1935, was found the dead body of the golden beauty, Thelma Todd, dressed in the evening gown she had worn at a gay party at the Trocadero night club the previous Saturday evening.

I knew my vacation was over.

In the first place, personally I had been something of a Thelma Todd fan. I had followed her career ever since she had stopped teaching in a Lawrence, Massachusetts, public school, to come to comedy stardom in Hollywood. To me, Thelma was movie tops.

Then, too, I had been detailed as a sort of New York Police Department observer in the matter of those extortion notes Miss Todd had received from a mystery man in Long Island City less than a year before her death. You may remember the first one, which read:

> Pay $10,000 to Abe Lyman in New York and live if not our san francisco boys lay you out. This is no joke Thelma Todd Rudy Schaeffer Abe Lyman Harvey Priester Roland West.

All the men mentioned were friends of Thelma, but none of them professed to know anything about the note, which was signed cryptically with a crudely made ace of hearts. Most surprised of all was Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader who was to be the recipient of the ten grand; and still more surprised was he when he himself began to receive notes in the same handwriting, one of which notes is said to have read as follows:

> If you are a friend of Thelma Todd, warn her to pay $20,000 or she dies. She must send the money to Major Bowes at the Capitol.

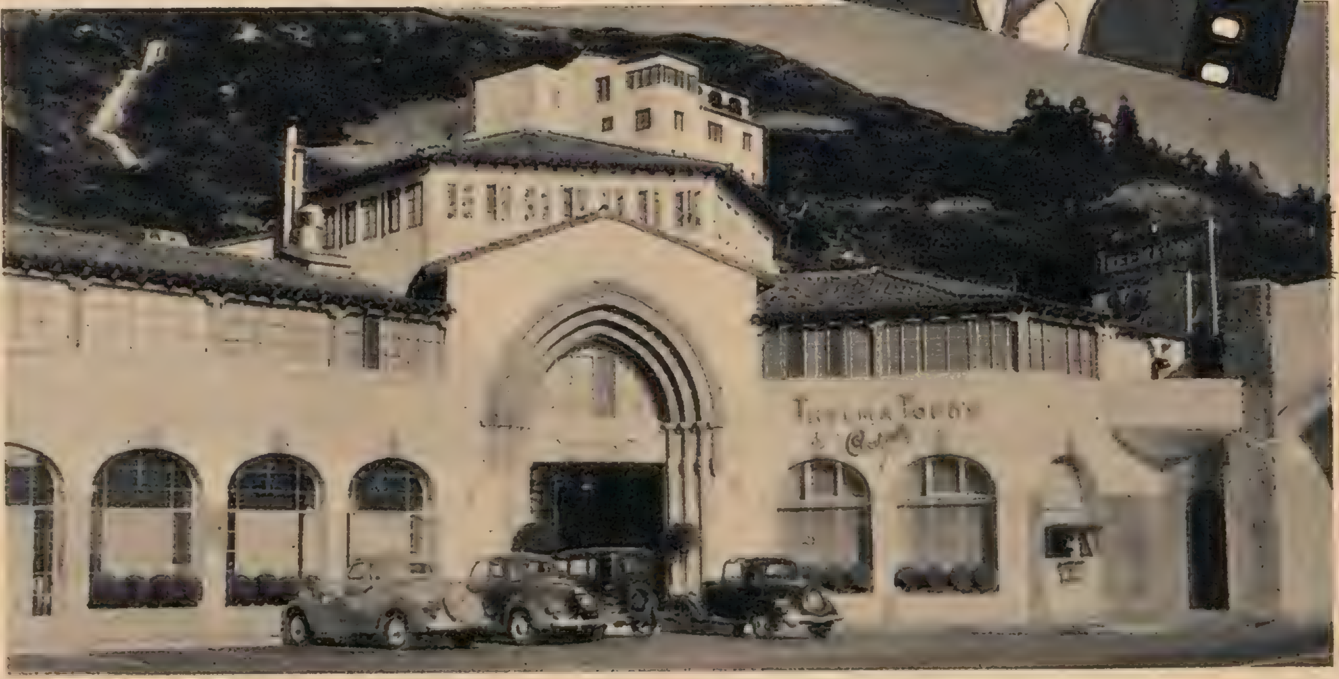
An amateur perhaps! Anyhow, the Washington authorities seemed to think so. But I wasn't so sure.

Yes, I had good reasons for being interested in Thelma Todd. It wasn't difficult to reconstruct the scene of the tragedy. At our left was the stairway which led to the sleeping quarters on the floor above. At the bottom of this stairway Thelma Todd had said good night to Peters, the chauffeur whose car she hired on her late nights out, and told him that it wasn't necessary for him to accompany her—as he usually did—up the stairs to her home. At the top of the stairs it is assumed that she had found the door locked. Behind us, high up on the incline—I counted two hundred and seventy steps—was the garage.

The famous chocolate-covered phaeton had long since been removed from the garage; but

Pictures, Inc., photo

Roland West, who explained he had locked Thelma out.



Acme photo

Thelma Todd's Sidewalk Cafe as passers-by saw it. Behind it, high up the steep slope, is the garage in which she was found dead "of monoxide poisoning." Roland West was her partner in the cafe and the two were fellow tenants of its second-floor apartment.

there were plenty of those about to tell just where it had stood; and some one who had seen it that Monday morning of the week before Christmas, when the dead body of the blonde beauty was found, crumpled up in a magnificent mink coat behind the steering wheel. The ignition, they said, was on, but the engine was not running. The official cause of death was given out as carbon-monoxide poisoning.

Apparently the Los Angeles police had gone to work on the case with promptness and thoroughness. The robbery theory was immediately dismissed. The victim's mink coat and about $20,000 in jewelry were undisturbed. The suicide theory seemed equally untenable. Her nice fat Hal Roach contract had another year to run; and Joe Schenck of Twentieth Century-Fox had told her that if Hal didn't take up her option, he would. As for her love life, she had just told little Ida Lupino that very evening that it was "wonderful," that she was "right in the middle of the loveliest romance I've ever known."

The accident solution seemed much more tenable. Miss Todd had come home later than she had meant to, had been unable to get into her apartment, had climbed the steep hill to the garage, and had sought shelter and sleep in the comfortable seat of her own car. It was a blustery night. She had started the engine to warm up the place.

Then the carbon monoxide had got her. That was county autopsy surgeon Wagner's verdict: "Either she went to sleep with the motor running, or was overcome before she could help herself."

All hands agreed that Thelma wasn't drunk. The content of alcohol in her system, 13 per cent, does not usually cause intoxication in a person accustomed as she was to the normal amount of social drinking. Moreover, neither her friends at the party nor the chauffeur, Peters, had noticed any signs of excessive indulgence. But she might well have been drowsy.

On the other hand, if she had been wide awake, she might have gone down before the deadly fumes. Inspector Tom Cavett of the Los Angeles police, who can find his way around with the best sleuths in any man's town, says that he made exacting tests on this point right there in the garage, and that Thelma's car

Top to bottom: "Pat" di Cicco, whom Thelma had divorced; Mrs. Wallace Ford, who told of the phone call after death; Abe Lyman, named in bizarre extortion notes; Jewel Carmen, the estranged wife of West. Below: Thelma Todd.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

If former Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt had been in Hollywood when the Thelma Todd tragedy broke, he would have approved most of the police work. However, he would have given more attention to the following key points:

First: The telephone call after death. Until this point was cleared up, no one knew the time of death; and without that, how could the police construct any sound theory of the crime?

Second: The identity of the dark foreign-looking man. I believe Thatcher Colt would have found him, and found, through him, a solution of the crime.

Third: The mystery of Thelma's unnoticed absence all day Sunday. How was it that neither West nor any one else noticed that she did not enter or leave the apartment during the thirty unaccounted-for hours?

Fourth: Her mother's unguarded cry, "My daughter has been murdered!" and her subsequent switch to the accident story. Thatcher Colt would feel, as Old-Timer apparently felt, that this mother's attitude was most significant.

Fifth: An analysis of the blood on Miss Todd's face and on the automobile. Thatcher Colt would insist on knowing—did the blood outside her body show monoxide poison? If it did not, it would support the theory that Miss Todd had been injured elsewhere and carried to the garage to give the appearance of death by suicide or accident.

Sixth: The blackmail plot. Thatcher Colt would have sifted to the very bottom all the circumstances surrounding the threatening letters Miss Todd had received.

Incidentally, if Thatcher Colt were to read this study of the case by Old-Timer, I know he would say that it was masterly!

ANTHONY ABBOT

Old Crow
BRAND

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was found to generate enough carbon monoxide to kill a strong man in two minutes. And Thelma, in spite of her apparent health, was not strong. She hated athletics. She was continually having fainting spells; and only recently she had been turned down by an insurance company as a bad heart risk.

Those two hundred and seventy steps, in her fatigued state, would have prepared her for a speedy monoxide death. Anyhow, the poison was found in her blood.

Every one was agreeing that this Hollywood tragedy had turned out to be plainly an accident—when things began to happen.

The first discordant note came from the motherly lips of Mrs. Alice Todd, who had been with her daughter on Saturday afternoon, and had ridden with her in Peters's car as far as the Trocadero café. When they took the news of the "accident" to Mrs. Todd, she not only failed to join in the general chorus but was quoted as saying quite bluntly and convincingly:

"My daughter has been murdered."

Disturbing evidence also came to light which indicated that the police's first reconstruction of what had happened after Miss Todd said good night to Peters might be wrong in several important details.

The dancing slippers she wore that night were brand new; as found on her body, they showed almost no sign of wear, even on the soles. A woman detective of the same weight and size as the dead actress, wearing the same amount and type of clothes but a new pair of slippers, climbed the two hundred and seventy steps from the café to the garage. The soles of her slippers were so badly scuffed and scratched that it seemed improbable that Miss Todd had ever made the climb in hers.

CLOTS of blood had been found on the dead actress's face near the nose and mouth. Now a more thorough examination of the car showed bloodstains not only on the seat but also on the running board, which would indicate that the injury to the victim's face must have happened *outside* the car. She might have been knocked senseless elsewhere, almost anywhere, and have been carried into the garage so that her death by monoxide poisoning might seem an accident.

She might also, of course, have fallen and hit her face that way; but there was no trace of any such mishap on her clothes, which were immaculate.

Authorities were pondering these new developments when there came the amazing story of the telephone call after death.

Mrs. Wallace Ford, wife of the actor, had received it at four o'clock Sunday afternoon, twelve hours after Thelma Todd, according to the police theory, had died from monoxide poisoning at the wheel of her own car.

"Wally and I had invited Miss Todd to a cocktail party at our home Sunday afternoon," Mrs. Ford told the officers. "She telephoned me about four o'clock in the afternoon to explain she would be a little late, and asked me if she could bring another guest. I told her that would be agreeable, of course. I know Miss Todd's voice, having talked with her frequently, and I can say definitely it was she who spoke to me."

The conversation concluded, Mrs. Ford said, with Thelma saying, "When you see who I'm bringing, you'll drop dead!"

Here was a ghost that talked and probably walked and may have driven a car—for soon confirmation of Mrs. Ford's statement that Thelma was alive long after she was supposed to be dead, and that she was in the company of some surprising and mysterious person, began to drift in from every side.

ONE Mrs. Sara Kane Carter, of 8481 Utica Drive, had seen a woman whom she took to be Thelma Todd, wearing the same kind of evening dress Thelma Todd had worn to her party and her death, telephoning from a drugstore on Sunday at 4.04 P. M. This was almost the exact moment at which Mrs. Ford had received the ghostly call.

W. F. Persson, proprietor of a tobacco store in downtown Los Angeles, reported that a blonde young woman in evening clothes, "either dazed or drunk," had entered his store at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, and had asked him to dial a number for her. After her call, she mumbled something about a taxi and went out.

Robert E. Fisher, a customer of Mr. Persson's, had watched the "dazed" young woman walk a few steps down the street, join a man who was holding a woman's fur coat, and sit down with him on the steps of a near-by church. Mr. Fisher could not describe the man.

J. A. Clough, his wife, and their son Conrad—all of whom had seen and admired Miss Todd on the screen—had been driving along Wilshire Boulevard at five o'clock Sunday afternoon, when they had noticed her, wrapped in a mink coat, riding in a chocolate-colored car with "a lightly built, rather short, beautiful blonde girl."

All of these people were the most reputable kind of citizens. Together, their reports accounted rather fully for an active and exceedingly unghostlike Sabbath. The only weakness in their identification of the actress was that only Mrs. Ford actually knew Thelma Todd personally, and she had talked with her only over the telephone.

Now, however, came confirmation from a wholly unexpected quarter.

Miss Todd's partner in the Sidewalk Café—and also a fellow tenant on its second floor—was Roland West, a well known movie director, whose estranged wife, the famous Jewel Carmen of silent-picture days, was said to be the owner of the property.

Mrs. West had naturally been among the first to be asked if she could throw any light on the tragedy. Mrs. West's reply was that she had slept until eleven o'clock Sunday morning, had spent the balance of the day motoring to Mount Wilson, and knew nothing of the "accident" which had befallen Miss Todd. But on Tuesday she decided to be more communicative.

"I was evasive when I talked to you yesterday," she was quoted as saying to the police, whom she summoned to her home. "Now I want to tell everything I know. I saw Thelma Todd about eleven P. M. Sunday with a man of dark complexion. I was returning from San Fernando Valley, and was traveling east on Sunset Boulevard when I saw a phaeton which I immediately recognized as belonging to Miss Todd. I hurried my own car and drew as close as possible. Sitting next to the driver was Thelma Todd. I recognized her from a smart hat I knew she wore and also her blonde curls. Driving the phaeton was the sleek foreign-looking man."

Then came the official knockout. An analysis of the contents of the dead girl's stomach disclosed the presence of undigested peas and beans—*neither of which were served at the Trocadero repast.*

Something had happened—apparently several somethings, including at least one meal—many hours after the chauffeur, Ernest Peters, had left her at 3.45 Sunday morning, and apparently not many hours before the maid, May Whitehead, had found her dead body at 10.30 Monday morning.

Who was this mysterious foreign-looking man that Jewel Carmen had seen? Who was the mysterious guest Thelma had said she was bringing to the Ford party? Who was the man with whom she was having her "loveliest romance"? Were they one and the same man?

And did he return with her that Monday morning to the spot where, a few hours later, her body was found?

AN obvious answer to the first question was that it was her divorced husband, young Pasquale di Cicco.

"Pat" di Cicco is the handsomest non-actor man in Hollywood. He is supposed to be the son of a "New York broccoli king"—whatever that is! He has money and is adding to it every day by engaging in the artists' agency business. He specializes in cameramen.

Thelma met him at a party at the Ambassador Hotel, where her other admirer, Abe Lyman of the letters, was leading his Californians. It was love at first sight and marriage in Prescott, Arizona. They wore sardonyx rings, each with the other's initials, and slept in a bed nine feet long and eight feet wide. Pat was said to call the Venuslike Thelma "Lambie."

This was 1932. Divorce arrived on schedule during the second summer. Such a nice amicable divorce! Since then, Toddy and Pat had been what Hollywood calls "friends"—that is, if they met in a public restaurant, they didn't walk out on the soup.

They had met at the Trocadero that very Saturday night under circumstances which must have taxed their "friendship" to the limit. Stanley Lupino and his Hollywood daughter Ida were giving a party for Thelma. Di Cicco, also a friend of the Lupinos, asked Ida to invite him to the party. Thelma said it was O. K. It was even arranged, Miss Lupino is quoted as saying, that ex-husband and ex-wife should sit next to each other.

When the Lupino party trailed into the upstairs dining room from the bar, it was minus one member, di Cicco. Pat was there, though, at a near-by table, twosoming with dark-eyed Margaret Lindsay of the films, who was said to be Thelma's successor in his affections.

THELMA stopped at her ex-husband's table and upbraided him for accepting Miss Lupino's invitation and then not showing up. Miss Lindsay is quoted as saying that Pat replied that he had telephoned Ida that afternoon to explain that he had a previous engagement, and would do so again the next day. Di Cicco, on the other hand, said that he told Thelma he was just kidding when he asked Ida to invite him, and he thought she knew it.

Miss Lupino's version was that there was no kidding and no telephone messages either before or after the party—so you can take your pick between friends.

Of one thing there seems to be no doubt: Thelma Todd went to the Trocadero expecting to spend the evening with her ex-husband. Her fellow guests expected it too. Instead, she found him there with another—and younger—woman. If she still loved him, as many believed she did, she was undoubtedly very much upset.

Di Cicco stated that he took his girl friend to her home between twelve and one o'clock, and went directly to his. On this schedule, he would have been reachable there after Miss Todd left the party.

Perhaps Thelma intended to have it out with him over the telephone. Finding herself locked out, with no place to go but the chilly garage, what would have been more natural than to jump into the chocolate-colored phaeton and run down to Pat's house, or at least to some all-night public phone?

Perhaps they staged some sort of reconciliation. Perhaps they spent Sunday together. Perhaps they dined together on a meal that contained beans and peas. Perhaps—well, the possibilities are infinite.

So what? Di Cicco complicated matters by jumping a plane for New York the day after the story

More Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad will be told by the Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue of Liberty.

This winter plan
a definite course
of action
Use a daily aid to
build good general
resistance

New facts suggest a way to help protect yourself against common winter conditions. It's true that they're prevalent at this time of year—almost at their peak. But instead of resigning yourself to them, take certain precautions which may help you *avoid* discomfort later on.

These conditions start in early fall, spread quickly, and become more severe as the season advances. January and February are the worst months for them.

The sensible thing is not to sit by until they're upon you, but to begin right now preparing yourself ahead.

One of the first things you'll want to use is some resistance-building measure regularly every day. Start with *Adex!*

Adex offers you a *new* way to prepare for winter. It supplies Vitamin A, the factor which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance; also extra Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin you may need at this dreary season. Both vitamins come from cod, halibut liver oil and other *natural* sources.

Begin now with Adex. Have a bottle on the breakfast table and take them *routinely*. At any drug store—in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

● =

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

broke. Said he had promised to spend Christmas with his mother. But, of course, he didn't have to leave on the 17th to do that. The Grand Jury promptly summoned him back. The jurors heard him immediately. Then, to the disappointment of the waiting crowds, it was announced that he had accounted satisfactorily for his movements, and was officially out of the case.

Back again into the "past" of Thelma Alice Todd, the reconditioned New England schoolma'am, went District Attorney Fitts and his deputies, Johnson and Blalock; his chief investigator, Captain Clyde Plummer; Captain Bert Wallis and Captain Bruce Clark of the police homicide detail; grand jury foreman Rochester, Inspector Cavett, and a dozen other sleuths.

Before her marriage Thelma had been rumored engaged to five different men: a Boston banker, a San Francisco banker, a Los Angeles insurance broker, a tennis champion, and Abe Lyman. All of these gentlemen on that fatal week end were either absent or accounted for.

Ex-husband was officially out. So were ex-lovers. But Roland West was still in.

West, you remember, shared Miss Todd's investment in the Sidewalk Café and also shared—"with double doors bolted on both sides"—the second-story living quarters in the same building. It was he, according to his own statement, who locked Thelma out.

Why did he do that? What were the real relations between West and the dead woman? Were their business affairs flowing smoothly, or had they reached an impasse?

There had been rumblings that all was not well between these partners and housemates. According to a modiste who made clothes for Thelma, the actress had said to her less than a week before she died:

"There's going to be a change in my life. I'm pulling out, if you know what I mean."

The modiste thought she knew; she thought Thelma meant she was severing relations with West.

"I probably will be broke as a result of the change," Thelma is said to have continued, "so I'm paying my dressmaking bills now, while I still have the money."

"You shouldn't feel that way," said the modiste.

"Why not? I don't know why I'm living the way I am, the way things are. There must be a change."

There were stories, too, of harsh words late at night in the café between Thelma and some man unknown to the observers, and of a sudden blow of the fist which sent the actress reeling across the table, and of a beating she was alleged to have received Saturday afternoon before the Trocadero party.

None of these tales were ever substantiated; and if they had been, they might very well have concerned some one other than West. But if the partners' relations had been entirely friendly, why had he locked her out?

This, according to the newspapers, was West's answer:

"Thelma was a very stubborn girl; very independent. She had been getting home late, and, as it was necessary for me to stay up and let her in, I told her, when she started for the Trocadero Saturday night, that she should be home by two o'clock in the morning. Smilingly she replied she'd be home at five minutes after two. At two o'clock I locked the door."

FURTHER inquiry revealed that at 1.50 A. M., when the Lupino party was at its height, Thelma asked Sid Grauman, famous Hollywood theater owner, to telephone West that she was just starting home, although as a matter of fact she didn't leave the café for another hour.

Asked where he had expected she would sleep if she couldn't get into her apartment, West said he thought she had a key to the café and would either spend the rest of the night on a couch in the women's lounge or wake him up, as she had done once before, by throwing something up at his bedroom window, and get him to let her in. That she didn't do either may indicate that she didn't have a key to the café, or that she wasn't on sufficiently friendly terms with West.

On the other hand, we have only West's own word that the door *was* locked.

The grand jury was very much interested in West's testimony. Sixteen of the jurors made the trip to the café and examined the premises in great detail. It was directly after this visit that the papers carried the following brief and seemingly authoritative statement:

> Thelma Todd took her own life and at least two persons in Hollywood can give evidence which will explain her motive. . . . The information was furnished unexpectedly by a person who already has been a principal witness in the Todd death investigation but whose name was not made public tonight.
>
> Solution of the case, according to the new assertions made to the district attorney, has been held up because the people who knew the answer to the puzzle wished to make the world believe that Thelma died an accidental death instead of suicide.

NO explanation was ever given, so far as I was able to find out, of the nature of the information which proved so convincing, or of the identity of the informant or informants. From that time on, however, responsible Los Angeles officials were silent.

But long after that, Mayor Harmon Perry of Ogden, Utah, told the world an amazing story of a woman in a black dress who had filed a telegram at the local Western Union office, in which she said that the man who killed Thelma Todd was in Ogden. The telegram, according to His Honor, was addressed to the Los Angeles Police Department, and gave the name of the man.

The Ogden police immediately located the alleged murderer and placed him under strict surveillance. They also attempted to enlist the co-operation of the Los Angeles police. But in vain. According to Mayor Perry, they were politely but firmly informed that Miss Todd had committed suicide and that her case was closed.

We could never get away with that in New York. If the boys down at Centre Street piped down on a hot case like this one so soon after laying before the public enough facts and alleged facts to send a half-dozen suspects to the bar of justice, old Samuel Seabury or young Thomas Dewey would be down on our necks with a series of investigations that would rock the town.

I am not blaming the California authorities, nor do I take much stock in the usual ugly rumors that movie money or movie pressure was used to stifle a longer investigation. The boys I met on the Los Angeles force were able, enthusiastic, honest policemen. They did feel that they had finished their job.

It's all in the point of view, I suppose. But one thing is certain: it's true what they say about California. Scandals flare hotter and cool quicker than any other place in the world. I can't explain it. Maybe it's the climate!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: The surprising thing to me about this Thelma Todd mystery was that neither the California nor the federal authorities saw fit to reopen the extortion case of six months before. To be sure, a man had confessed to writing the letters. But he had turned out to be a nitwit who had always been queer, and who was promptly committed to the Ward's Island insane asylum in New York City. His story was that he had confessed to protect an innocent suspect, and the post-office people apparently believed him. But who knows? The whole thing might have been an hallucination on his part. The real writer of the notes might still be at large.

This theory seemed all the more plausible when it came to light, soon after the actress's death, that she had just received two more similar letters, which she had *not* turned over to the police.

Was it possible that the writer of those extortion notes had continued to pursue Miss Todd to the very end?

Was it possible that she had discovered that she knew, perhaps loved, her tormentor, and that was why she hadn't given the later notes to the police?

Was it possible that she had had a tryst with the blackmailer that fatal Sunday morning, when she arrived home at 3.45 after the party at the smart Trocadero night club?

In an unsolved case, *anything* is possible!

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

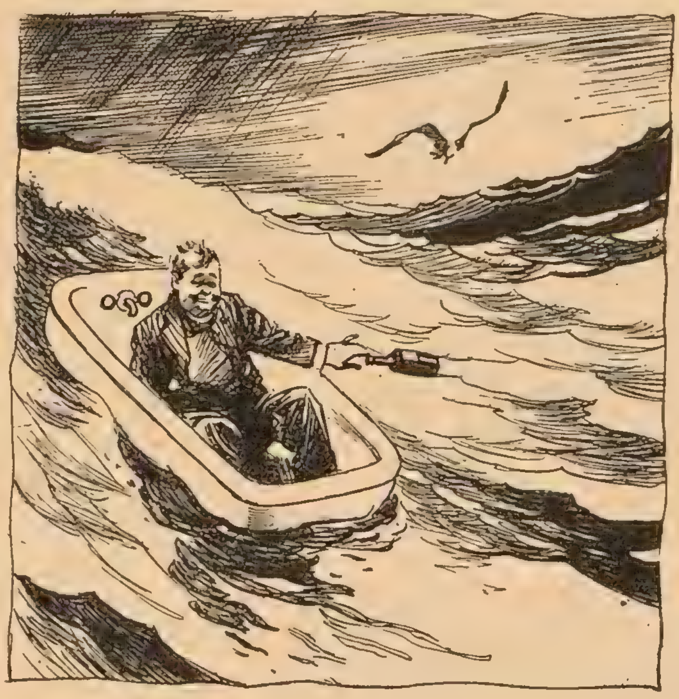
A Disturbing Week Brings Thoughts of Getting Away from It All

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up cheery and bright, and whilst shaving did sing, "Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light," causing my dear wife Daisy to remark that it was early afternoon and not dawn and would I kindly keep my big trap shut as she was entertaining gentlefolk; and when I did inquire, "Jenny who?" she did slam the bathroom door with such vigor that my false teeth did slide off the edge of the washstand and disappear down the adjacent basin.

And later, when I did attempt to leave, I did find that the door had stuck; and although I did cry aloud for succor my wife did not come, thinking I was still singing. So opening the bathroom window did try to explain my predicament to a passer-by, but the shaving soap on my face and my toothless diction evidently led the man into believing that I was demented and he did run as if he had seen a ghost. But finally I did manage to attract the attention of the gentleman in the liquor store across the way and with the aid of a rope made of soiled linen did procure a bottle of whisky.



Having emptied the bottle I did insert a note in it and then cast it adrift.

So making myself comfortable in the bathtub did pretend that I was shipwrecked, and having emptied the bottle did insert a note in it and cast it adrift. So back to bed, after having been rescued by my wife, God bless her.

TUESDAY: Up betimes and out with my dear wife to look at new petrol wagons, and after inspecting several I made remark that the Democratic administration had even had its effect on the automotive industry, for with their new streamlines the cars themselves didn't know which way they were going. But the salesman did remonstrate, saying that even the trailer business had picked up, and when my wife did inquire what a trailer was I did explain to her that it was the man from the finance company.

So home, my wife having decided that our old car could last another year if she could, to which I did agree, adding with a wink that as they grew older both used more gas.

WEDNESDAY: Up and out to play golf with Mr. Pratt finding myself sorely in need of practice to say nothing of an Indian guide, as most of the time I was in the woods and my caddie did look so often at his watch that it did irk me exceedingly. But when I did rebuke him he did reply, "This ain't no watch, it's a compass!"

So on, with only occasional glimpses of civilization, and I could not help but reflect that centuries ago man plowed the earth with a rude stick and here I was doing the same thing in the year of our Lord 1936.

So home without even a libation to relieve our fatigue.

THURSDAY: Up betimes to find my dear wife gone to visit her mother, so fell to reading the publick prints and was highly alarmed at the rumor that the city drinking water was tainted. So repairing to the kitchen did filter several gallons and then did boil it thoroughly, afterward adding chemicals, and then to be on the safe side did drink nothing but whisky the rest of the day.

My wife home to supper and when I did acquaint her with the news and how I had taken precautions to boil the water, she did congratulate me heartily, adding that it was quite evident that I had gotten myself boiled at the same time and would I kindly remove her Uncle Herman's Civil War uniform and also Mr. O'Toole the janitor from the bathtub.

FRIDAY: Awoke to the monstrous roaring of the vacuum cleaner and did make feeble remark to my wife that while science was indeed a wonderful thing my aching head longed for the good old days of the feather duster, which caused her to retaliate that she too longed for them, as they were the happy days before she was married.

So to the roof for a little peace and quiet, but did find there several small boys playing G-man, forcing me to retreat hastily to the cool quiet of the cellar, which I was enjoying mightily until a window behind me did suddenly open to let in ten tons of coal, and I would have indeed been buried alive had it not been for the quick action of Mr. O'Toole. So upstairs and to bed, having great difficulty in convincing my wife that I was not a colored gentleman.

SATURDAY: Up and at my wife's suggestion to a shoe-repairing emporium, where I did seat myself in a stall the while my shoes were being resoled, and noting that pants pressing was also at my service did divest myself of my lower garments and was idly enjoying a smoke when I did chance to see Mr. Pratt passing the store. So, forgetting the nudity of my nether limbs, did dash out into the street in an endeavor to attract his attention, but succeeded only in attracting a crowd which, as luck would have it, included Officer Mulcahey. So to the station house and thence home and to bed.

SUNDAY: Up and reading the travel pages in the Sunday journals did find myself fair full of wanderlust, and I did remark so to my wife, causing her to retort that she had known for a long time that I was full of something, only she hadn't known that that was the name for it. But after a time she too became highly interested.

So, spreading a map upon the dinner table, my wife did take a pin and closing her eyes did announce that wherever the pin landed there we would journey, and when she did miss the map entirely and land on a piece of ham I did cry, "Eureka! We go to Hollywood!"

Further happenings in the eventful life of Mr. Dunkle will be recorded in an early issue.

Elsie Janis, whom Jack courted in vain, with her mother, who is supposed to have stood rocklike between the two.

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

ROYAL Family history repeats itself. At least, Jack Barrymore has been and still is a doubly sensational second edition of his father, the celebrated stage madcap, Maurice Barrymore. Jack himself has confessed that as a mere kid in Philadelphia he hocked his grandmother's jewelry to buy some for an enchantress many years his senior. Coming to New York, he lived at Helen Windsor's theatrical boardinghouse and worshiped the star boarder, Maude Adams. Her successor in his lightning-change affections was Ida Conquest, who also was too wise to take him seriously. Next came " the Pocket Venus," Gladys Wallis—subsequently Mrs. Sam Insull. After that, he was briefly engaged to a society girl in Chicago. A spendthrift, forever broke, he picked up a little cash by securing signed endorsements for advertisers; Nazimova, to whom he was devoted at the moment, signed one for him after listening to his sob story about a " consumptive orphan boy "—named Barrymore.

With Willie Collier in The Dictator he toured the world, reaching San Francisco just in time to assist at the earthquake. Presently Mort Singer, producer, engaged him for the musical comedy A Stubborn Cinderella, paying him the first real money he ever bothered to earn. His romances at that juncture were with Bonnie Maginn, " people's-choice " soubrette with Weber and Fields, and then with Vivian Blackburn, who scintillated in cigarette pictures.

PART THREE—THE WILD SONG-AND-DANCE MAN

OF all the Toasts of New York Town, Jack's sister Ethel was probably the toastiest.

Women of the stage and the cafés brazenly imitated her " slightly tired neck, her puffed-out hair, her high-perched, huge-plumed hats," and her sepulchral voice. Lucky she didn't take to blackface in those days, as she did later in Scarlet Sister Mary! If she had, Sherry's and Martin's would have looked exactly like an Ethel Waters opening night in darkest Addis Ababa.

In short, there was no gainsaying Ethel Barrymore's supremacy—so far as the general public was concerned.

But to that inner

At right: Katherine Harris, Jack's first matrimonial venture.

An on-stage love scene in A Stubborn Cinderella—Jack and Sally Fisher. They were equally inseparable offstage, but only until this musical comedy's run ended.

Photos—Acme, Culver Service and Albert Davis Collection coterie of smoothly valeted blades who paid sidewalk speculators' prices to sit in the first three rows of the better musicals, a less widely known beauty named Lotta Faust was undeniably tops.

Midway in the century's first decade, Miss Faust's back had definitely succeeded Frankie Bailey's legs as Broadway's current high in feminine pulchritude. It was a back, if you must know, singularly like that of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, premier strip-tease artist of the modern burlesque stage. And, for those days, some of Miss Faust's costumes were almost as sensational.

Until her marriage to Richie Ling, our Jack was one of the beautiful Faust girl's most devoted squires. Offstage as well as on, Lotta presented a picturesque figure. Her hair was jet-black, her features regular yet piquant, her body slender rather than slim—a Spanish type; and she affected the Spanish style in dress. She specialized in shawls—and I don't mean Paisley.

And how that gal could dance!

Restaurant dancing had just reached New York. Nightly for dinner and supper the Broadway elite gathered at Louis Martin's Café de l'Opéra, whose famous disappearing dance floor furnished just the right arena for executing the latest step.

No couple was more striking and few more nimble than Jack and the fascinating Lotta.

Miss Faust was not only a great favorite with artists, but artists were great favorites with her. For her second husband she married the late Malcolm Strauss, for whose famous Spanish dancing-girl pictures she invariably posed.

It was the artist in Barrymore that most appealed to her, and she was forever trying to get him to give up acting and take to the studio. By this time, however, Jack was inclined to speak flippantly of his brief career as a painter.

"But you studied to be an artist," Lotta insisted.

"Father paid for a year's tuition at the Art Students' League," Jack replied, "and I went one day."

"That must have

"That damned charm" was in full blast thirty-two years ago, when Wild Jack posed for this decorous photograph.

From Lotta to Katherine, Life Goes Gaily On—The Revealing Chronicle of a Great Wooer and a Kaleidoscope of Girls

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

At left: Lotta Faust of the beautiful back, his dancing playmate.

Brother Lionel with Irene Fenwick at the time of their marriage—which served Jack right for introducing 'em! At left: A scene from The Fortune Hunter. That's Jack, the newly risen star, with a straw hat and a mustache.

made the old man pretty sore," some one suggested.

"I thought it would. But when I told him about it, he just said: 'I can't understand how you happened to go once.'"

Jack's real reason for not going back to his art, even to please Lotta Faust, was to be found in this observation, made many years after he and Lotta had taken their separate ways: "A painter usually starves, but even a ham actor can generally eat."

Between Ethel Barrymore and Lotta Faust in professional standing and general popularity stood a young girl named Elsie Janis Bierbower, later famous as the "Sweetheart of the A. E. F.," and still later as the best known modern follower of Christ's command:

"Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor."

"Little Elsie" is now forty-seven years old—a fact which is presumably to none more astounding than to her old-time worshiper, John Barrymore. To him she must still be the gay bubbling young thing who sang and danced through many a musical comedy, and then with her truly inimitable imitations brought the amusement world to her twinkling feet.

Elsie was "in strong" with the whole Barrymore Royal Family, because her rendering of the famous line, "That's all there is, there isn't any more," was—with the exception of Cissie Loftus's—the only one that Ethel herself could bear to listen to. But it was not primarily for her imitations that John paid court to Little Elsie; and rumor has it that it wasn't his fault that she was able, thirty years later, to refer to herself in the public prints as "Old Maid Janis."

The credit for that whatever you call it—misfortune or escape?—was undoubtedly due to Mother Bierbower.

"Ma Janis," as she was called along the Main Stem, was one who regarded motherhood as a life profession. It was commonly believed that her maternal philosophy did not include the possibility of daughter Elsie's ever renouncing that prolonged spinsterhood which made her and her mother such inseparable companions.

Now, Jack Barrymore does not object to mothers—even mothers-in-law. His most ardent champions in two of his three marriages were Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Costello. His pal in the courtship of Elaine Barrie is apparently the comely Mrs. Barrie-Jacobs. But neither John nor any other swain—except, of course, the late Mr. Bierbower—was ever able to make the grade with Ma Janis.

Her denial, which was announced at the time as "authoritative," squelched the widely circulated rumors that Jack and Elsie were about to seek the solace of a marrying parson. Broadway, knowing Ma Janis well, accepted what she said as true. Apparently the young people did too. Elsie, as is well known, waited until after her mother's death to marry a salesman sixteen years her junior—and Jack, before you could say "Rasputin and the Empress," was paying court to Irene Frizzell.

IRENE, who was as tiny as "the Pocket Venus" and twice as fragile, was a young woman of considerable matrimonial experience. First she married Felix Isman, New York and Philadelphia real-estate and shipping magnate. Later she married Jay O'Brien, Wall Street figure and man about town. And still later—but we'll come to that.

Under her stage name of Irene Fenwick she became known as a comedienne of considerable talent. It was as a beauty, however, of the ethereal blonde type that she won her greatest army of admirers, in the front rank of which marched young Jack Barrymore.

But if Jack had any serious intentions in the Irene sector, he made one fatal tactical error: he introduced his brother to her. Irene Frizzell, or Irene Fenwick, is now Mrs. Lionel Barrymore.

The romance between the big bull-like Lionel and the little birdlike Irene didn't culminate until they played together in The Claw. It was during the run of that play or shortly afterward that the first Mrs. Lionel applied for her divorce. Asked if she blamed Miss Fenwick for the crashing of her romance, Doris Rankin Barrymore, who was Lionel's cousin as well as his wife, refused to say yes or no, but is reported to have said this:

"I have been married to Lionel Barrymore for seventeen years, but I would gladly give several years of my life if I could truthfully say that he had ever in all the seventeen years looked at me just once in the same manner as I saw him look at that woman."

Jack soon reached the point where he was proud of having varied the injunction of that delicate little ditty, Never Introduce Your Bloke to Your Lady Friend. In fact, he quite fancies himself as Cupid; for he recalls that he not only introduced Lionel to his wife but also Ethel to her husband.

Ethel had been rumored engaged to almost every solvent and otherwise marriageable man on the American and European continents, not to mention Albion's merry little isle. Her engagement book was said to include the Duke of Manchester, Sir Robert Peel—father of the youth who later married Beatrice Lillie; the Earl of Ava, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, Prince Ranjitsinjhi, Laurence Irving (Sir Henry's son), and the Davises, Richard Harding and Charles Belmont.

Even John Jacob Astor sent her a case of grapefruit!

But she married Jack's friend Russell Colt, who followed her theatrical wanderings through so many one-night stands that he finally convinced Ethel of his sincerity.

This marriage, like many other Barrymore alliances, finally landed in the divorce courts. But neither Ethel nor Russell has married since; and whenever she is in New York or in the fine old Colonial house at Mamaroneck, they dine together every Wednesday night.

WHEN Ethel's babies came along, she nearly lost her Junior League public. But, Barrymore-like, she had an answer for every criticism.

"You a mother!" a girl said to her.

"Well," she replied, "I had one. I was born, you know."

When Jack finally married, he was subjected to the same bombardment. A young woman from Brockton, Massachusetts, who had just learned the terrible news, wrote to say that she was all broken up about it.

"But," she concluded as if grasping at a straw, "you don't act like a married man."

But we *are* getting ahead of our story!

After Irene turned him down for Lionel, Jack consoled himself for a time in the company of a young woman well known up and down the Great White Way—to wit, Miss Hazel Allen. There was irony of a sort in this pairing, since Miss Allen and Irene's ex-husband, Felix Isman, had at one time been considered the best of friends. One fears that it was this somewhat bizarre link that held Jack and Hazel to the same restaurant tables for a while, rather than any deep stirrings of the divine passion.

It was but an interlude.

Meanwhile Jack managed to give a little attention to what now might properly be described as his theatrical career. Mort Singer had been right as to the popular appeal of the scion of the Drews and the Barrymores skipping and chirping in the oo-la-la. A Stubborn Cinderella was a draw; and not a little credit for its success was given to its gentleman clown.

"Imagine John Drew acting like Pete Dailey," wrote one critic, "and you have nephew Jack."

"Our matinee audiences beat their breasts in adoration," caroled another, "and offer libations of ice-cream soda at the altar of beauty."

There were, of course, discordant voices—among them, according to some critics, Jack's. One cruel fellow pointed to the satiric quality of a line which the chorus sang repeatedly throughout one of his numbers. It was: "We think he's singing that." But his performance, aside from his vocal efforts, seems to have been most acceptable—especially his dancing, which was done "with much more grace than one might expect."

"Jack was a very good dancer," John Golden recently recalled. "He had a trick of stepping up in the air that seemed to surprise and please the ladies."

The trick must have pleased sprightly Sally Fisher, the featured comedienne of the piece, because she and her gentleman lead immediately became inseparable companions, on and off. Sally was of quite a different type from any of the young women of the stage who had previously attracted the Barrymore homage. She was pretty, to be sure, in a challenging younger-sister sort of way, but she was above all a comic. She could sing a song to warm the tin-pan alley heart; and so far as the smart dialogue went, she was quite capable of carrying the whole show on her slim young shoulders. Her reign on Broadway was all too short.

Throughout the run of the play the attachment remained unabated. The papers even carried stories of their formal engagement to be married. But with the closing of Cinderella, nothing more was heard of the Fisher-Barrymore romance.

Jack's ability to get along with his leading ladies is proverbial. A few years ago, when he went to Columbia on a one-picture contract to do Twentieth Century, he was quite a bit worried about who was to play opposite him. He had accepted the assignment because the character of Oscar Jaffe that he was to portray reminded him so much of his father. But who was to play the dizzy blonde? Confronted by Carole Lombard, whom he had never met, on the first day of shooting, he looked her over and remarked in what he intended as an optimistic tone:

"You look like a good kid. I hope everything will turn out all right."

A week later they were pals. They had reached the scene where Barrymore, as the eccentric actor-manager, is deterred from leaping out of the window by the heroine's sneering epithet, "You cheap ham!" The first take of Jack's outraged reaction to this most outrageous attack did not register to the satisfaction of the director. On the retake, Jack asked Miss Lombard if she would give him the line from off side as his cue.

"You bet I will!" shouted Carole. "I wouldn't miss the chance for anything. I'm the only person in Hollywood who can call you a cheap ham and get away with it!"

BUT to get back to Broadway. After the Cinderella show came another innocuous musical, The Candy Shop, in which the Barrymore submitted to the indignity of playing a character called Mr. Sweet and singing a song entitled Honey Bunch. It was, he says, the worst song he ever heard. As a matter of fact, the only popular song he has ever enthused over was Rudy Vallee's Maine Stein Song. He liked the theme, he said. But Honey Bunch was the limit. For years thereafter, whenever his friend John Golden, who wrote the piece, was trying out a new play, he would receive the following telegram:

HOPING THIS IS A MONEY HUNCH AND NOT A HONEY BUNCH J B

The all-time high in silliness, however, was reached in the farcical item entitled Toddles, notable chiefly because a Barrymore appeared on the stage in pajamas and bare feet. "What would the girls do with their glasses," asked one commentator, "if Jack Barrymore, when he sits up in bed and swings his legs out from under the coverlets, were to dangle them calf-length from a nightshirt instead of ankle-length from pajamas?"

What indeed! The thought was prostrating to a generation to which legs were still limbs. But even the fleeting view of a Barrymore in his bare feet was not enough to save Toddles from Mr. Cain's storehouse.

Then, just as the youthful Barrymore's theatrical career seemed sinking permanently into the doldrums, along came his first outstanding success, the role of Nat Duncan in Winchell Smith's The Fortune Hunter.

"I was in a way partly responsible for Jack Barrymore's first entrance into legitimate comedy on Broadway." It is producer John Golden reminiscing again. "Perhaps because I was so discontented with the way he sang my Honey Bunch song in The Candy Shop, I thought he ought to get out of musical comedy and into somebody else's plays. At any rate, when Smith wrote The Fortune Hunter and they needed a leading man, I recommended him.

"After we had Sam Harris's permission, Smith and I tried to get him for the part. It wasn't easy. We finally had to break into his bedroom at the hotel. That job was the beginning of Barrymore's real Broadway career."

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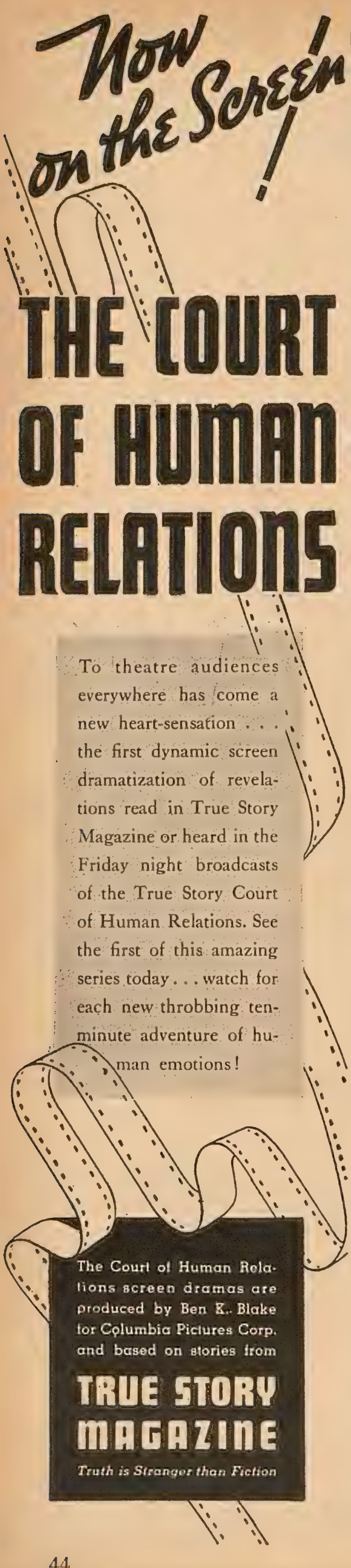
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TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Truth is Stranger than Fiction

Jack was a star now, the youngest star on Broadway; but he was just the same old Jack Barrymore. Some one called him "the slovenly cuss all women rave about." One female admirer was heard to say, "I wonder if Jack ever gets his shoes shined." Another, "How does he manage to get so many creases in his coat?" His one hat, a soft and presumably gray one, looked as if it had never been cleaned. It still does.

It is possible, of course, that the hat he has worn ever since he came to Hollywood is not the same one that he wore in 1910, but it is also possible that it is.

It is probably this carelessness about clothes which has kept alive the ancient joke about Jack's never taking a bath. We have seen how his uncle, John Drew, remarked about its having taken an earthquake to get his nephew into a tub. Twenty years later, when Jack fell into the sea during the filming of The Sea Beast, brother Lionel is alleged to have said:

"Well, he got a bath at last!"

His pal, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., says that this business about Jack's not taking a bath is all hooey. It all comes about, he says, because Jack "isn't particular whose shirt he borrows." A thought there, surely!

The fact remains that in 1910, at the moment of his first great Broadway triumph, Wild Jack Barrymore was, sartorially speaking, a mess.

We have seen that in his early years, notably when he drank too much forty-cent Chianti with the angel child, Jack not only maintained the Barrymore tradition for carelessness of attire but also did his best to carry on where his father, Maurice Barrymore, left off in the matter of adequate alcoholic lubrication. There is no reason to believe that in this respect he saw any reason to change perceptibly because of his arrival at the dignity of stardom.

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

A congenial crowd had gathered in a Times Square hostelry prior to a theatrical opening, and the talk turned, as it still sometimes did, on Jack's hectic career as a newspaper artist. One of the company, noted for his addiction to the flowing cup, was foolish enough to say, "Jack never draws anything now except to draw nearer to a table at Churchill's."

"Never you mind," answered Barrymore. "For that, I'll draw you as I saw you last night."

Just then Henry E. Dixey, king of comedians, joined the group.

"Where do you live now, Jack?" he asked. "Down the street there by that barber pole?"

"I do," replied Barrymore, bowing low, "and I can be found there any night between 2 and 5 A. M., dangling from the pole."

Even his hecklers joined in the general mirth, because they remembered the copybook maxim they had learned in their childhood—something about many a truth being spoken in jest. Jack was the same old irresponsible youth who had stolen the victory sword off the Dewey Memorial Arch.

In spite of these misguided efforts to maintain intact the most cherished Barrymore traditions, Jack seemed quite able to impress himself on a comparatively temperate and hygienic world. But when we say temperate we don't mean teetotal. There is something about the glitter of the Barrymore—his gusto of life, his winged imagination, his satiric nonchalant elegance—which appeals most strongly when the lights are bright and the wine is bubbling.

"THE midnight crowd at a big green-and-white restaurant on the Path," scribbled a chronicler of the day, "was startled last night when a large blonde person, who elevated the chorus before she got into society and had her diamonds stolen, began shouting at the top of her voice that she was engaged to Jack Barrymore but he didn't know it.

"It took three waiters and a *maître d'hôtel* to calm the blonde, who was so moved by her own happiness that she kept on shouting long after every one in the place knew all about the alleged romantic event."

It was true that Jack didn't know anything about his engagement to this lady, or to any other. At his manager's request, he presently made an affidavit that he was not engaged to be married, that he did not contemplate marriage, that he was, in fact, a free agent. But his manager wasn't taking any chances.

"Barrymore is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars to me now," said Sam Harris. "Married, he wouldn't be worth half that much."

So Sam did what no other theatrical manager, up to that time, had ever done. He sent a man to England to feel out the great insurance firm of Lloyd's on a fifty-thousand-dollar policy to protect him against the calamity of a Barrymore marriage.

Lloyd's, who will take a chance on anything provided the premium is high enough, bet the fifty grand that Jack Barrymore would not marry within the twelvemonth—and lost.

Within six months he wooed and won his first true love—the girl who was to be known henceforth as Katherine Harris Barrymore!

Another Broadway beauty? Not by a long shot! Katherine was a beauty but a society girl—the real thing. She was only eighteen when she and Wild Jack got married in defiance of her dad, her mother and grandmother having succumbed to "that damned charm" and carried the day for young love. A whirlwind tale, incredible but true. Read it next week!

GOOD BOOKS *by* OLIVER SWIFT

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NO JUSTICE

by RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

I HAPPENED into the quiet little hamlet of Henlea via the unexpected hairpin curve at Four Corners.

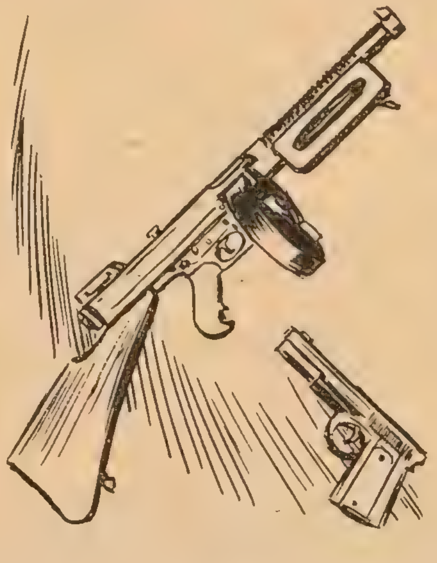
While the garageman worked on my car, I crossed the dusty road to what appeared more like a French wineshop than anything I had ever seen in this country.

"Guess you think it's funny we ain't got no inn in this town. Inns do pretty good all over New England," remarked the owner.

I hadn't thought about it but I agreed.

"Well, sir,"—he leaned confidentially over my shoulder as he put a foaming mug on the table—"well, sir, there's a good reason for't."

I took the hint he offered and asked for the reason.



"Well, sir, it's one o' them things can't be explained nohow. Ain't seem to be no justice in't but ther' y'are. Here was How and Serena Jennison, decent folks—too quiet, me an' m'wife thought sometimes. Never went no place 'cept church Sundays. Both skinny, like they didn't give the'rselves vittles enough. Children, Howard an' Celia, was skinny too. M'wife used to feel kinda sorry for 'em. But Celia was right pretty.

"Lived in a old house that's tore down now t'make room for the highway. Big house built by How's great-granddad. Well, sir, after automobiles started comin' round here thick as flies, didn't How get a notion to turn the place into a inn. Last people you'd think 'ud run a inn, but things hadn't been goin' any too good.

"How didn't have to fix it up much, 'cept a bathroom on each floor. Didn't even put in 'lectricity. Just kept the place lookin' antique. Turned the barn into a garage an' got one o' them old-fashioned swingin' signs: FOUR CORNERS INN. Serena an' a hired girl done the work an' Celia helped.

"Couldn't sell no likker them days that nobody knew 'bout. How managed fine, though. If anybody wanted a special cup o' coffee, well—

"One night middle o' winter—ten years ago 'twere—feller drives up in a swell car. He asks fer a room an' to be called at 6 A. M. Early business in Boston. He's got a long black suitcase, How says, an' carries it in the house hisself. Won't let How touch it. By the way he staggers, How sees it's heavy, so gives him a room on the ground floor next the parlor.

"Feller—little runt with black hair an' eyes jerkin' quick round the room like he's afeared somebody might be hid there—asks How for a drink. But How won't sell him none. Feller pulls out a roll o' bills How says ud choke two horses. How thinks quick an' says he's got a bottle o' rye the feller can have fer a present, calculatin' to charge it on his room hire.

"Durin' the night How gets to thinkin' an' wonderin' 'bout that heavy suitcase. So 'bout four he sneaks downstairs, he says, an' phones Jed Meachem—constable, he were—to hop in his car and drive over.

"Meachem grumbles. It's below zero an' ther's ice on the ground an' his bed feels good. But How won't take no. How's waitin' fer him, an' the two of 'em goes to the room next the parlor. They knock. No answer. They knock harder, then turn the knob. Door's locked.

"How says better try the window openin' on the porch.

"Well, sir, they go out an' bang on the window. No answer. Meachem says, jokin': 'Feller must be dead.'

"He shoves the window up—latch is rusty an' don't shut tight. They climb in. It's black as your hat. Meachem lights a candle. An', by gosh, the feller *is* dead. Layin' on his back with a hole in his chest an' a gun on the floor."

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," I interrupted excitedly. "I know that case. I'm an old reporter. Rat Freoni, killed with his own gun, presumably by a member of the rival McNeill gang. His money gone to give appearance of robbery. Open suitcase with machine-gun outfit found beside bed. Freoni was evidently followed on his flight from New York. Killer must have entered room by window, but bloodhounds failed to track him. Murder was never solved."

"That's the case," my informant clicked, obviously disappointed at being robbed of his climax. "How an' Meachem tinkerin' with the window spoiled things fer the perlice. No fingerprints. No footprints.

"But it's what that crime done to the Jennisons stumps everybody," he ruminated. "Nice decent folks that didn't have nothin' to do with it. First off, How couldn't get a customer to stay at FOUR CORNERS INN. Plenty of 'em come to look at the place like they'd go to a museum. But stay overnight? No, sir. Then somehow Serena Jennison got a scared look, like she was seein' spooks. Touch her on the arm an' she'd jump.

"Now comes the funny part. Not funny neither—just tough, like a jinx was sittin' on How's shoulder. Family seems right prosperous, even though the inn closes up. But the two kids—Howard's eighteen an' Celia's sixteen—runs away.

"After that Serena goes kinda nutty. People passin' there hears her wailin'. Awful sound, like a lost soul. I drive over once with a bottle o' rye fer How—feelin' I kinda wanta do sumthin' for 'em. Ther's Serena, sittin' on the porch right by the window where the murderer climbed in. She's rockin' backwards an' forwards an' starin' in that room like she couldn't pull herself away.

"Well, sir, one winter mornin' Constable Meachem gets a phone call from How to hurry right over.

"An' what d'you think he finds? How dead—gun in his hand—on the floor of the room where Freoni was shot.

"Serena is upstairs, rockin' backwards an' forwards. When she sees Meachem, she asks, 'Did he do it? I made him do it. Weren't no other way to save his soul.' Meachem swears she looks him straight in the eye an' she don't seem no more insane than he is.

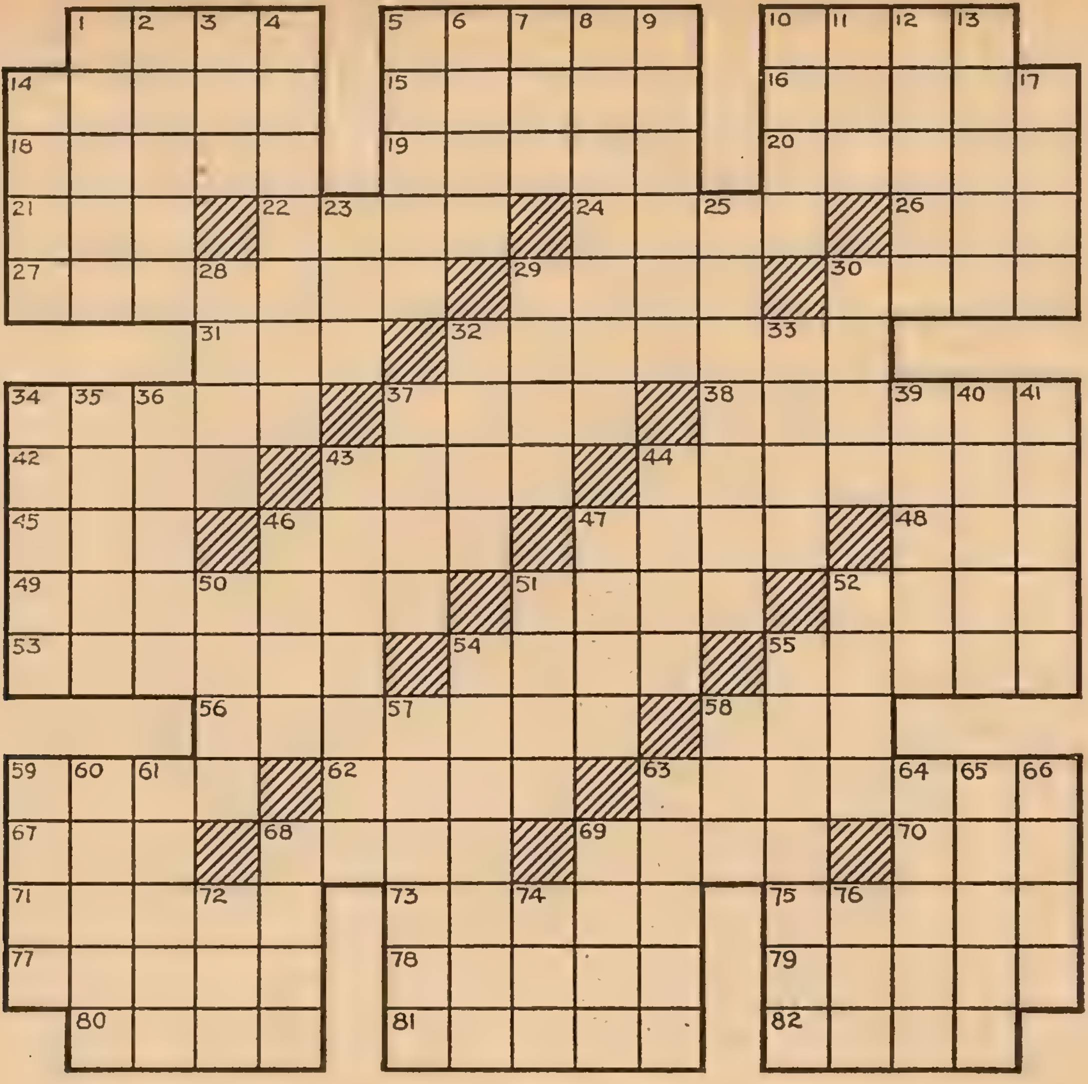
"But Dr. Thompson, investigatin' fer the state, says she's batty, always talkin' 'bout mebbe How wasn't in hell now—mebbe killin' hisself made everything all right. 'I told him the money wouldn't bring us nothin' but misery,' she says. 'Five year I been tellin' him this were the only way.' Clean batty, poor thing.

"Now here's another funny thing. The state wants to buy the property an' starts lookin' fer Howard an' Celia. Finds 'em workin' in New York. Pays 'em a right smart sum, too. When the house is bein' pulled down, darned if they don't find two thousand dollars hid here an' there. We all knowed How was a skinflint, but we didn't reckon he'd keep that much on the premises. Kids wouldn't touch it, neither. Said it should be give to charity.

"Well, sir, that's why we ain't got no inns in Henlea. Folks is superstitious since the murder at Four Corners. What gets us is, why should How suffer fer the Freoni killin'? Seems ain't no justice nohow, is ther'?"

THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL
1 Expectorate
5 A flower
10 Small mounds
14 A compass point
15 To use stintingly
16 Therefore
18 To care for
19 A Turkish name
20 Forest mentioned in As You Like It
21 Employ
22 Frightened
24 To percolate
26 Termination
27 Scolded vehemently
29 Melody
30 A day of the Roman month
31 A fowl
32 General courses of action
34 Bower
37 Easy gait resembling a canter
38 Recount
42 Liliaceous plant
43 Dreadful
44 Sour liquid condiment
45 Monkey
46 Such and no more
47 Fine raveling
48 A constellation
49 Pertaining to tension
51 Carol
52 Hastens
53 Continue
54 Father (French)
55 Make rigid
56 Irritated
58 By
59 Low-bred fellows
62 Sheep
63 Delicate skill
67 Malt liquor

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	W	H	I	S	K	Y	A	N	D	S	O	D	A	

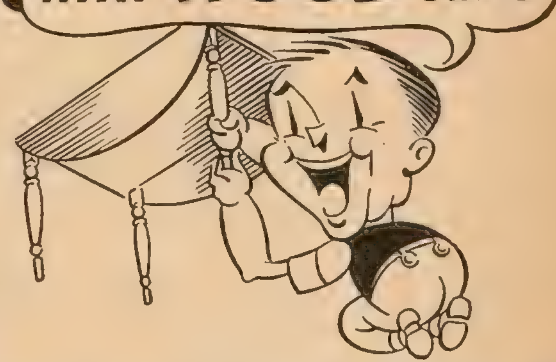
Answer to last week's puzzle

68 A Norse god
69 Make crooked
70 A pronoun
71 Sedate
73 Point opposite the zenith
75 Brings to maturity
77 Growing out
78 Not ripe
79 A bay or recess
80 Periods of time
81 Those who gaze steadily
82 Allows

VERTICAL
1 Immerse in a liquid
2 More chaste
3 A possessive pronoun
4 Sphere of operation
5 Inquired
6 Hurried
7 Scotch cap
8 An obliteration
9 Refurnish with an inner covering
10 Demonstrative word
11 Ever (poetic)
12 Finished
13 Division of a drama
14 To check
17 Concludes
23 Sty
25 Looking askance
28 Hailing term used by sailors
29 Binding material
30 Island
32 Heart
33 Torn
34 Having wings
35 Come to maturity
36 Mix together
37 An Italian coin (pl.)
39 Anew
40 Weeds of grainfields
41 Expunge
43 Struck out
44 Climbing plant
46 Mud
47 Title of an English nobleman
50 Exposes to solar rays
51 Observes
52 At this point
54 Fully attended
55 Organ of climbing plants
57 Sudden sharp pain
58 Fastening device
59 A container
60 Solitary
61 Shut out
63 Flowerless plants
64 Ancient form of shall
65 Becomes withered
66 Formerly
68 Crude metal (plural)
69 Litter for bearing a corpse
72 Letter of the Greek alphabet
74 River in England
76 Compass point

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"GROW LEGS" with WOOD in cans



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We'll Win the World Series

"The Yanks in Five Games—" A Fighting Pilot Gives His Reasons for a Confident Prediction . . .

by

JOE McCARTHY

MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN I am introduced to people as the manager of the New York Yankees, they always eye me with an envious gleam, and while polite enough not to speak their thoughts aloud, I know they are thinking: "What a soft job you've got! All you have to do is sit on the bench and say to Gehrig when the ball game gets tight, 'O. K., Lou, go up and hit one out of the park!'"

But, really, managing a big-league ball club is not that simple. If it were, the owners wouldn't be paying us anywhere from ten to thirty-five thousand dollars a year.

A manager's biggest job is handling his pitching staff. The greatest manager of them all, the late John J. McGraw, once said that pitching was 70 per cent of a ball game. Likewise, it's 70 per cent of a manager's headache. You must know which pitchers will go well against the various clubs, and what clubs have the "Indian sign" on certain of your pitchers.

Laymen will tell you that Indian signs are a lot of hooey, but the record books show that they're wrong. Monte Pearson, one of our biggest winners this year, for example, beat the Detroit Tigers last spring for the first time in his five years in the big leagues.

In the National League, Carl Hubbell always seems to be able to set down his opponents with ease; but the Brooklyn Dodgers give him plenty of trouble and beat him more often than he beats them.

Another thing a manager must know is when to take a pitcher out of the box and when not to. The manager must play percentages, but he must also make up his mind in a hurry.

By playing the percentages, I mean figuring out every possibility and then acting so that a majority of the possibilities will react in your favor. For example, the Yankees were playing the Detroit Tigers. In one of the late innings, with the Yankees three runs ahead, the Tigers filled the bases. A home run would have put them out in front. Charlie Ruffing, our big right-hander, was pitching, and Jo-Jo White, a left-handed hitter, was coming to the plate. Under ordinary circumstances I would have relieved Ruffing and put in a left-handed pitcher to work on White. But I knew that if I put in a left-hander, Cochrane would cross me by putting in Pete Fox to pinch-hit for White, and I also knew that Fox was much more likely to knock the ball down an outfielder's throat than the Jo-Jo. So the percentages told me to keep Ruffing in there and gamble that White wouldn't upset our plans.

But above all of that, including pitching, hitting, and every other mechanical phase of the game, a manager must be able to know and control his players. That's one reason why Frankie Frisch must be included when you're mentioning good managers. He has more temperamental stars than the Metropolitan Opera Company, yet he has fused them into a fighting, snarling ball club that has given every National League manager more than his share of nightmares.

Of course, sometimes a manager will have trouble with a player who, while he is not temperamental, is lax about keeping in good condition. That reminds me of Pat Malone.

Back in 1928, when I was managing the Chicago Cubs, I bought Pat from the Minneapolis team after he had kicked around in six different minor leagues, and in three years he won sixty ball games for me. That's good pitching anywhere. In 1931 I left the Cubs to come to New York, and after I left, Malone had a tough time winning. Finally, in 1934, Pat was waived out of that circuit, and claimed by me for the Yankees.

When, in 1935, Pat won but three games for us, it seemed to every one that the National Leaguers had been right. But I had plenty of faith in Malone and I decided to keep him. I knew that if Pat got into good condition he'd be a valuable man to have around. So I called him and asked if he wouldn't shelve some of his excess weight during the winter.

He did, and all season long he was twenty pounds lighter than he has been in the past three years. Old Blub showed all the courage and ability I knew he had when we got into some tough spots this summer, and if the occasion should present itself during this World Series and I need a fighting champion, I'm more likely to call Perce Pat Malone from the bull pen than not.

But lest you think that Malone was our only pitcher worthy of commendation, I'd like to give one of Mr. Winchell's orchids to Bump Hadley for setting the 1936 consecutive victory record with eleven wins in a row; one to Monte Pearson for coming through and pitching approximately .750 ball after winning eight and losing thirteen last year; and one to one of the game's best pinch hitters—I mean Charlie Ruffing.

SPACE won't permit me to tell you about all of the other members of this Yankee squad, but it would hardly be fair if I didn't tell you something about King Henry I. His majesty's full name is Henry Louis Gehrig. He is the number one ballplayer in the country today. He holds the record for consecutive playing, having appeared in the last 1,904 Yankee line-ups over a stretch of the past eleven years. He has hit more home runs with the bases full than any other hitter in big-league history. Three times he has hit three home runs in one game, and once he hit four. He has hit over .300 every season since 1926. In four World Series, when the pressure naturally was greatest, all King Henry was able to bat was .348, .308, .545, and .529.

This is the first year that Gehrig has been accorded the royal title, for in past campaigns he was always the crown prince of Babe Ruth's monarchy. Last year, Lou's first season without the Babe as a teammate, he had a bad year. A bad year for him, that is. He batted .329 and drove in 119 runs, yet they said he was in a slump.

Another left-handed hitter I'm glad I had hitting for instead of against us is Bill Dickey. This masked marvel from Little Rock was the best cather in baseball in 1936. It was his great catching as well as his hitting that helped us win. I mean to take no credit away from Joe Glenn or Arndt Jorgens, our utility catchers, but the Yankees were hardly the outfit with either of them catching that it was with Bill behind the plate.

Lank and lean, with hardly the ideal build for a catcher, Dickey handles pitchers better than any catcher I've ever seen, with the possible exception of Gabby Hartnett. Dickey is the only catcher in big-league history to go

Lou Gehrig, the new king of swat, and (above) Joe McCarthy.

through a full season without having a passed ball charged against him.

Now we come to Joe DiMaggio. The Frisco Kid really made our ball club this year. He surpassed even his fondest admirers' boasts. I don't know if he set a first-year record for sure, but offhand I can't think of any rookie who ever hit as many home runs as DiMaggio did.

DiMaggio may not have been one of the three best outfielders in baseball this year, but if he is not the best picket man in either league in two years, then come around and get my union card as a prophet.

With the best throwing arm in baseball now, Joe should be able to iron out his minor fault at the plate. When he does, there won't be another outfielder in the same class with him.

Frankie Crosetti and Joe DiMaggio both come from the Telegraph Hill section of San Francisco, and when they were youngsters their idol was another native of the Hill who was a big-league ballplayer. He still is, for that matter. His name is Tony Lazzeri, and he is probably the most underrated player with the Yankees.

Always a fierce competitor, Tony is probably as smart a ballplayer as there is in the league, and he has won almost as many games for the Yankees with his brains as with his trusty willow. The cold records will tell you that his lifetime batting average is under .300; but opposing pitchers can name you dozens of hitters they would rather pitch to in the clutch.

George Selkirk, Myril Hoag, Red Rolfe, Frankie Crosetti, and all the others deserve some sort of special mention. For to win a pennant your machine must be hitting on all cylinders. The Boston Red Sox, for instance, had a great hitting team, but their pitching staff folded. The Tigers had pretty good pitching, but the loss of Greenberg and Cochrane from the offense was too much for the hurlers to overcome. Last year the injuries to Crosetti and Dickey prevented our winning. Losing key men for any length of time breaks up a club, because it prevents their functioning as a team.

I have heard a number of fans say that we were lucky to win this pennant —and I agree with them. We were lucky DiMaggio turned out to be as good a ballplayer as our scouts said he'd be. We were lucky that Malone and Hadley came through to pick up the pitching slack left by Gomez's disappointing showing. We were lucky Lazzeri's legs held up. We were lucky Gehrig wasn't hurt. Certainly we were lucky, and we won because Lady Luck was on our side. But if any of those fans want to insist that we won *only* because of luck, then they'll have to name me one pennant winner in the last twenty years that wasn't favored by the breaks.

And now, before I leave for the ball park, there is one other thing I'd like to settle. For as many years as I can remember, fans have been arguing about the relative merits of the two leagues. Which one plays better baseball? The answer is that they're both exactly the same. I've managed teams in both leagues and won pennants in both, so I think I'm fairly well qualified to answer. When I was over in the National League I was certain that we were better, but now that I'm in the American I can see that there isn't a scintilla of difference.

They claim, for instance, that the National is a curve-ball league, while the American tends more toward fast balls. Some years that's true, but some years it's just the other way around. Take 1936, for example. The best pitcher in the National League is Dizzy Dean. When he gets into a tough spot, old Diz just rears back and fogs that high fast ball in past the batter. In our league, Mel Harder of the Indians is as good a pitcher as we have, and when he finds himself in a pinch he throws nothing but curved balls.

Then, too, there are those who say that the National plays more scientific baseball. They claim that we have the hitters and they have the pitchers. I used to believe that. But one night I got a bit curious and went over the official records. The American League, which is supposed to play the knock-down-drag-out type of baseball, stole seventy-four more bases than the National and used the very scientific sacrifice play about fifty times more! So don't let anybody try to convince you that there's very much difference between the two leagues. We both get our ballplayers from the same places, and the National League might just as easily have gotten a DiMaggio as we did. Next time the National League may be the high bidder.

At the beginning of the season only six baseball writers picked the Yankees to win the pennant.

I am not, you understand, chiding the others for not picking us, because I know that there is nothing so absolutely unpredictable as a baseball pennant race. Besides which, it is an old tenet of the newspaper business that it's best to stick with a champion.

This is one time the newspaper boys will be dead right if they stick with the champion. My choice in the series is the American League in five games.

THE END

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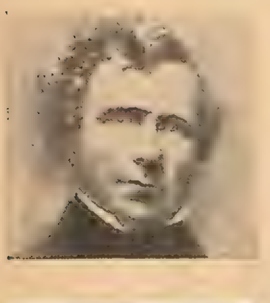
YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN!

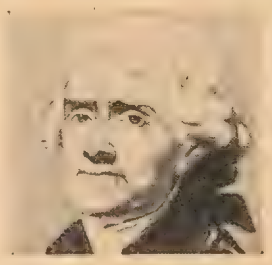
GET into this cash-prize Game of Presidents right now if you neglected to enter during the first two weeks. You still have an excellent chance to land in the big money! The rules give complete instructions. Be sure to read them so that you understand the conditions of the competition. Also be sure that you save the small pictures that you do not paste on this week's coupon. You may need them later on. The picture of every President will be published at least once during the game. Do not mislay them. This is important. When you have filled Coupon No. 3, file it away pending the completion of your set of eight.

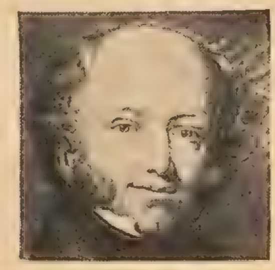
LATE ENTRY

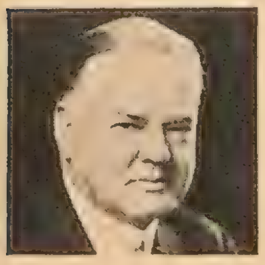
If you have mislaid either or both of the first two coupons with the accompanying pictures, you can obtain reprints which will enable you to bring your entry even with the field. Simply write to the contest address in Rule 5 stating the material you need and enclose five cents in stamps to cover the cost of handling and mailing. Your order will be filled without delay, enabling you to bring your entry up to date.

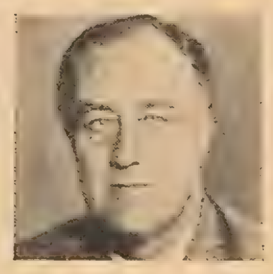
THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK ARE IN THIS GROUP

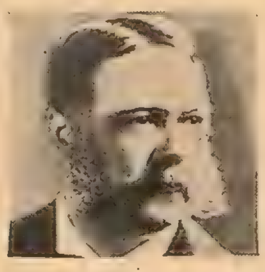












THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.
2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS
COUPON NO. 3

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

Assassins that harry the steps of the great
Are often the agents of fate in the state.
A foe to the precedent 'gainst a third term,
He won in the way that few men ever learn.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

His star may ascend and it may be obscured
Since many new theories of government it lured,
Bewildering freedom that stands for the right,
In fairness and justice 'gainst power of might.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

Back in the days when knee breeches were worn
And wigs were adorning the heads that were shorn,
A Democrat great by his word and his deed
Had planted with honor for liberty's need.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A general, defender of land of his birth,
In houses of Congress, a member of both;
A notable orator, gifted by fate,
He merited honors, the highest in state.

....
(Write name of President here)

CLIP HERE

Copyright, Howard W. Bible, 1936

Hollywood Rides the Range

A Lively Saga of Fun-Loving Bad Men Sets a New Mark in Westerns; Miners, Gangsters, and Murder Provide a Trio of Other New Films

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

SCENE 24
ROESLER

"Wait'll they find out I slipped a real minister in the scene."

★ ★ ★ ★ THE TEXAS RANGERS

THE PLAYERS: Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker, Bennie Bartlett, Lloyd Nolan, Edward Ellis, Fred Kohler, Sr., Richard Carle. Directed by King Vidor. Story by Elizabeth Hill and King Vidor, from data in book The Texas Rangers, by Walter P. Weber.

THIS is not a perfect picture, but it is a perfect example of how lively and exciting a cowboy film can be when it receives the same consideration in dialogue, direction, and playing that is usually reserved for only less vigorous themes.

Beautifully photographed by Edward Cronjager, the picture has Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Lloyd Nolan as a trio of fun-loving bad men who terrorize the stagecoach lines. When their teamwork is broken up by the pressure of the law, two of them—Oakie and MacMurray—join the Rangers, while their pal, Lloyd Nolan, continues the hazardous holdup work alone.

From there on, The Texas Rangers embroiders its pal-against-pal setup with hard riding and an endless series of fights, all of which have been attuned to the war whoops of Indians and the rattle of gunfire to produce the sturdily romantic quality of our frontier days.

Competently played by the entire cast, the picture is given its best performance by Lloyd Nolan, who steals the show. Jean Parker gives the film a hardly noticeable feminine touch.

VITAL STATISTICS: King Vidor's idea was to avoid the Texas of oil wells, saxaphoney Midway, patio tearooms, and Halls of Progress, and to get at the traditional Texas with vaqueros, tough hombres, llano gendarmes, and a reasonable amount of shooting—so they made the entire picture at Gallup, New Mexico, said spot looking more Texan than Texas. . . . 250 Injuns were recruited from the local Zuñis and Navahos. Having worn blue jeans and shirts so long, when the braves stripped to breechclout and fighting trim for the Ranger battle, most got pretty bad cases of sunburn. . . . Original Rangers (Mr. Big Hats, they were called) had average life of a year; but thirty-four of original ones remain. . . . Authentic note: Those mules that pull Jack Oakie's stage are descendants of real old stage pullers. Originally harnessed inside corral where passengers also boarded stage, said mules would dash out of opened corral doors, and not stop galloping till they reached next corral, this supposedly destroying dangers of stopping for holdups. . . . Plenty of governors in this: Gov. Tingley, playing a Ranger in thet thar eatin' scene (trust a governor to be near the food); and Gov. Allred of Texas playing a pallbearer at Oakie's funeral. . . . Gallupians very awed when Hollywood prop men painted the desert to cut down sand glare, then took perfectly brand-new riding boots and olded them up! . . . Those boulders that crash down the cliffs on the beleaguered Rangers are mostly papier-mâché, but a couple of real ones were inserted—just in case some nasty audience realists wrote in. . . . Fred MacMurray dropped in on nest of twenty-one rattlers out on a ride; a stick of dynamite did the rest. Fred's had to have a fight in every one of his pictures thus far—and yet has those soft eyes. Fred's very shy and avoids autographers, parties, crowds; but what a screen fighter—and hugger!

★ ★ ★ DRAEGERMAN COURAGE

THE PLAYERS: Jean Muir, Barton MacLane, Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, Addison Richards, Helen MacKellar, Gordon Oliver, Joseph Crehan, Priscilla Lyon. Directed by Louis King. Story by Anthony Coldeway.

REMINISCENT of the recent Canadian disaster, Draegerman Courage is a tense, emotional eulogy of draegermen, those hardy heroes who come to the rescue in mine cave-ins.

Played in a clipped, terse manner, and building to a taut degree of suspense, Draegerman Courage has burly Barton MacLane as a mine foreman who is discharged from his job because of his insistent complaints about the unsafe construction of the underground passages. Though the ultimate outcome of the story is seldom in doubt, there is about the whole story a swift undercurrent of danger that gives the picture a gruesomely fascinating air.

The film reaches its climax when the mine caves in and MacLane is called back to rescue those entombed in the darkness. MacLane is superb as the two-fisted hero, while Jean Muir, Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, and Addison Richards offer able support.

VITAL STATISTICS: Actors were in hot water for a week, immersed in warmed mine water in synthetic studio mine, encased in concealed hip boots, rubber shirts, long woolen underwear. Chilled bones and aching muscles resulted. . . . Thick-necked, beetle-browed Bart (Butch) MacLane doesn't like prize fights or wrestling—too unintelligent and brutal. He writes plays on the side; authored Rendezvous, a B'way play. . . . Robert Barrat, born in New York and a big student of tongues, has mastered 141 dialects and shadings and can even use good English should the screen ever get around to using it. . . . Jean Muir has had a change of heart about the movies, formerly considering them a means of getting a pay check with which she supported her Little Workshop Theater—ill-fated venture now closed. She was down to her last 76 cents in her bank account when this job came—all money going to the L. W. T. Being Scotch, she had refused to touch her savings account and investments. . . . Addison Richards was a driller in an Idaho silver mine once; thinks before you become an actor knock about the world a bit but keep moving all the time. Freighters, oil derricks, smelteries, fisheries—all these mean new faces, backgrounds, and a chance to bathe in human nature.

★ ★ ½ DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE

THE PLAYERS: Lewis Stone, James Gleason, Bruce Cabot, Louise Latimer, Betty Grable, Grace Bradley, Nella Walker, Frank M. Thomas, Harry Jans, John Arledge, Frank Jenks. Directed by Ben Stoloff. From the story by Thomas Walsh.

A SERIOUS appraisal of the prison parole system, Don't Turn 'Em Loose is, however, more concerned with the mechanics of playing cops and robbers than it is

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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While You Sleep

Here's a new way to fade out freckles *quickly* and *gently* while you sleep. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream at bedtime. You see wonderful results usually in 5 to 10 days. Freckles disappear, your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with over 36 years' experience in skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 213, Paris, Tenn.

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LIBERTY

America's Best Read Weekly!

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Mercolized Wax

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Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

in editorializing. And as a grim, occasionally humorous treatment of gangsters and gunfire, this comes as a speedily told and smartly enacted bit of roughhouse.

In this, Bruce Cabot is seen as a dual-personality young man whose father, Lewis Stone, a member of the parole board, frees him from a jail sentence. The picture climbs to its sanguinary peak when the father learns that his son, now out on parole, is about to commit another murder.

Expertly directed by Ben Stoloff, the film has Lewis Stone giving a touching performance as the harassed father, while Bruce Cabot, James Gleason, Louise Latimer, and Betty Grable illustrate life as it is lived on the wrong and right sides of the law.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gang moll Maxine Jennings is a Salem, Oregon, gal who chucked over the life intellectual as expressed by a college education for the life emotional as Hollywood knows it. This took some globe-trotting. Atlantic Citied it as Miss Oregon; got hipped out in the finals, but made a B'way body and music display, from whence back to Hollywood for Roberta and has been lotus-eating ever since. . . . Harry Jans is one of the Frischest fellers that went to Fordham, then used his college education to get into vodvil. . . . Gordon Jones prepped for Hollywood, playing football and tracking for U. C. L. A. Has made pretty good in very short time. Paw's a minister at Alden, Iowa, where Gord was born. . . . Louise Latimer comes from Brooklyn, and is the tiniest leading lady on the screen; is titian-topped. . . . For relaxation Lewis Stone boards his 110-foot sail-engine yot and goes places.

★ ★ IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED

THE PLAYERS: Reginald Denny, Evelyn Brent, Jack La Rue, Inez Courtney, Hugh Marlowe, Claude King, Bryant Washburn, Crauford Kent, Robert Frazer. Directed by Phil Rosen. Screen play by Arthur T. Horman.

FEATURING such screen veterans as Reginald Denny, Evelyn Brent, Bryant Washburn, Crauford Kent, and Robert Frazer, It Couldn't Have Happened is a mildly humorous murder mystery. In the slightly facetious vein which is the current cinema fashion in mystery plays, the picture is seldom a lucid account of detective work; but because it moves along in a happy way, it is as easy to take as it is to forget.

The plot shows Evelyn Brent as an actress whose two show producers are mysteriously killed. Reginald Denny, a mystery writer, decides to get to the bottom of these killings and, enlisting the aid of Inez Courtney and a gangster, Jack La Rue, he starts unearthing the clues.

There is no oversupply of logic used in the proceedings, but the picture provides a satisfactory amount of haphazard fun.

VITAL STATISTICS: Reg Denny just finished playing up to M-G-M's Romeo when he got switched to this independent. Reg wants to co-direct when the wrinkles show through his grease paint—he'll handle the creative side of the job and his meg-halver the technical side. . . . Inez Courtney, of coss, in private is the wife of Marchese Luigi Filiasi of Napoli. Inez is New York born, an English architect's dotter. . . . Robert Frazer dabbles at criminology in private and is now inventing a new iodine fume searcher for latent fingerprints. . . . Author Horman is Northwestern grad; Chicago reporter. Wrote short stories for three years and never missed a meal! . . . Evelyn Brent was once a big-timer, known for her hard-boiled repression. She's of Tampa, Florida.

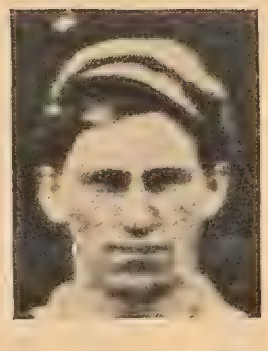
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three.

★★★½—Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Little Lord Fauntleroy.

★★★—Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The early photo at the right is of a genius of industry who in 1921 took over a plant with a twenty-million-dollar debt, and in 1928 absorbed a company with a sixty-million debt. June 30, this year, the corporation which bears his name had over $192,000,000 in total assets. Who is he?

2—Is a wine gallon larger than a beer gallon?

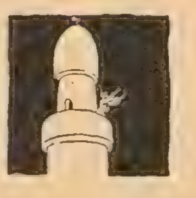
3—Who invented friction matches?

4—Which two arteries carry blood to the brain?

5—Is there a fish that hunts insects with drops of water shot from its mouth?

6—Who was the winner of the British open golf championship in 1922, 1924, 1928, and 1929?

7—What college is at Hanover, New Hampshire?



8—"Flattening" of the eyeball causes what?

9—What is the title of the man who calls Mohammedans to prayer?

10--What small piglike animal does not have canine teeth?

11—Who, from 1916 until the retreat from France, was Germany's outstanding military man?

12—How did the Bull Moose Party get its name?

13—Who, according to legend, slept for two centuries?

14—What city in the United States has a man-made harbor behind a two-and-a-half-mile-long breakwater?

15—How did Elbert Hubbard die?

16—What valuable garden inhabitant often attains an age of more than thirty years?

17—Who wrote The Faerie Queene?

18—What New Testament character ate insects?

19—Are shrouds, stays, and backstays standing or running rigging?

20—What singer made famous the song, Ten Cents a Dance?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

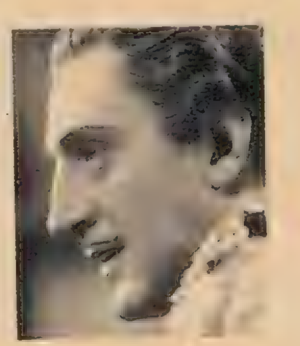
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

BASIL RATHBONE was telling me about the slings and arrows of a Hollywood villain's fortune.

"It may be a compliment to my acting," he said, "but it is rather a shock, nevertheless, when some old friend has seen me make myself objectionable in a picture and says to me, 'Basil, you *must* be a snake at heart. Otherwise you couldn't do it so realistically.'"

Fans who take their movies seriously write abusive letters to Mr. Rathbone. From Iowa an irate mother who had seen him lick David Copperfield in the film of that name wrote as follows:

"Mr. Rathbone, I have a boy David's age, and I hope, Mr. Rathbone, that you will some day get the thrashing that *you* deserve." Basil says that *he* hopes not.



BASIL RATHBONE

He sailed for England recently, after finishing his sword work in Romeo and Juliet. He's a genuine expert with the blades; fences at least two hours every day. During rehearsals for Romeo and Juliet the cast had some trouble keeping straight faces when John Barrymore gagged his lines. Instead of saying "the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft," as Shakespeare termed Cupid's bow, John preferred to say, "the blind *bellboy's* butt-shaft," which caused unseemly mirth.

Born in South Africa, Basil Rathbone is a cousin of Sir Frank Benson, noted English producer.

Mrs. Rathbone is known in Hollywood by her professional name, Ouida Bergere. She's a screen writer for Paramount.

● Motoring in New Hampshire, friends of mine were delighted by the old New England atmosphere of a farm near Claremont, where they stayed overnight as tourist guests. They adored the rambling house, the fine old furniture, the pitchers of thick cream, the apple-cheeked hostess, her farmer husband and his Yankee twang. Next morning my friends were enchanted anew when he showed them his five pairs of beautiful oxen and his unique collection of old-time ox yokes, some carved by his great-great-grandfather. The ladies took snapshots. One remarked that she hadn't seen oxen since she traveled in Italy.

"Yep," twanged the farmer. "M'wife and I saw 'em over there last year when we took the Mediterranean cruise. Nice ones around Madeira, too. Fellow in Funchal let me drive his pair all over town."

The ladies were just a mite taken aback.

● You didn't know that a *boudoir* was originally a room for a lady to pout and sulk in, or that the *tuffet* Miss Muffet sat on was a half-bushel measure, or that *wife* really means a woman who weaves cloth. Neither did I until I started reading a lively little magazine called Words, published monthly at Los Angeles by E. W. Hauck and I. Colodny. H. L. Mencken contributes to it, as do other language scholars. In one issue Professor Harrison C. Coffin, Union College, tells us Welsh *rabbit* is correct, not Welsh *rarebit*—because the word comes from an old saying that the Welsh were too poor even to eat rabbits—they ate hot cheese instead.

● Received two novelties in my mail this week. One, a letter from a man in Omaha, Nebraska, who thinks we women ought not to wear our diamond rings when we wash dishes, so what has he done but invent an ornamental ring holder on a silver chain. You wear the chain as a necklace, and slip your rings in the holder when you wash dishes. Pretty slick! My other surprise was straight advertising, but cute. Covici, Friede, publishers of Katharine Wellman's new book, Beauty Begins at Home, sent out little jars of tissue cream to announce the publication date. What *won't* these literary people turn to next!

● Several women I know have taken to standing on their heads for about five minutes every day, claiming it helps them feel good and look young. Girls in some of the smart finishing schools are being taught to do so. About a year ago I mentioned the fact that Elsie De Wolfe and Bernarr Macfadden are active believers in it. Now Dr. Donald A. Laird, psychology professor at Colgate University, has found by experiment that students, after eating, learn their lessons better if they lie down with their heads lower than their feet. If you haven't practiced standing on your head, it is easier to try it at first with your feet braced against a wall. You may tumble a few times, but who cares?

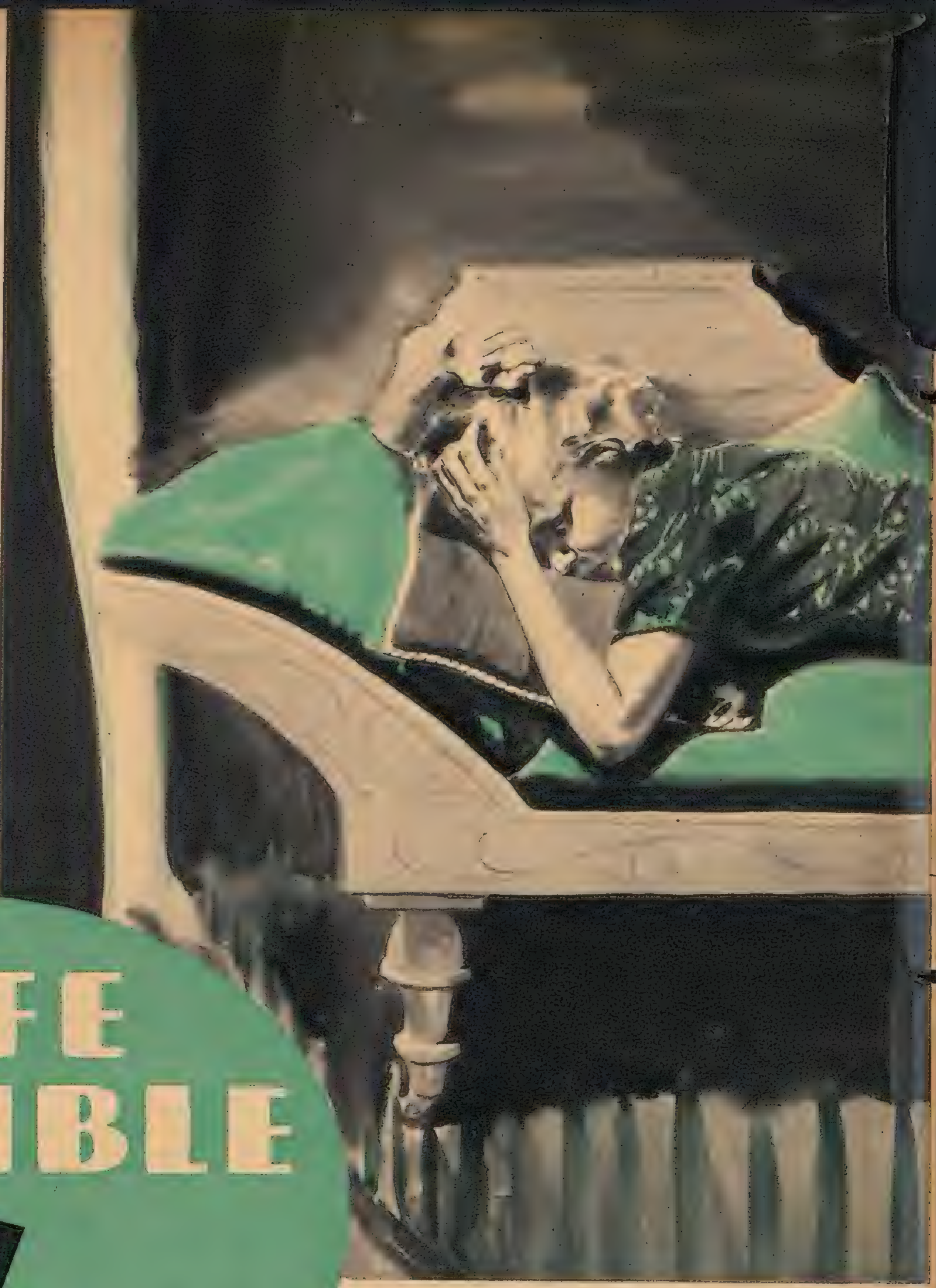
● Commercial photography gives Maysie Greig the background for Workaday Lady, newest of her popular novels dealing with the romantic adventures of young women in business. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● When guests pop in for dinner unexpectedly, feed them salmon bisque. It tastes good, is quick to prepare, and doesn't cost much. Make it as follows:

Scald 2 cups milk in double boiler, adding 1 tablespoon minute tapioca, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1 tablespoon minced celery, 1 tablespoon melted butter, a pinch of ground mace, salt, pepper, paprika. Cook 15 to 20 minutes, then put in 1 cup canned salmon, the pieces broken quite small, the skin and bones removed. Cook slowly for 5 minutes more. Just before serving add 2 tablespoons cream and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Serve with Melba toast.

Stirringly, Surprisingly the Curtain Falls on a Poignant Novel of Today—The Story of One Who Staked Her All for Love



Emmie's fair hair was a tangle as she lay tumbled on the sofa, clutching at nothing. This was no pretense.

WIFE TROUBLE

by WALLACE IRWIN

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

"WHY did you show me this?" asked Sara coldly.

"Maybe you've never been asked to one of Sally Percival's parties," Fred said, undisturbed.

She tossed the clipping back to him. "Did you show me that because you wanted to hurt me?"

"Sara—"

"Well, you can't hurt me. Nobody can. I won't let you." She could have reached for the champagne bottle and brained Fred with it.

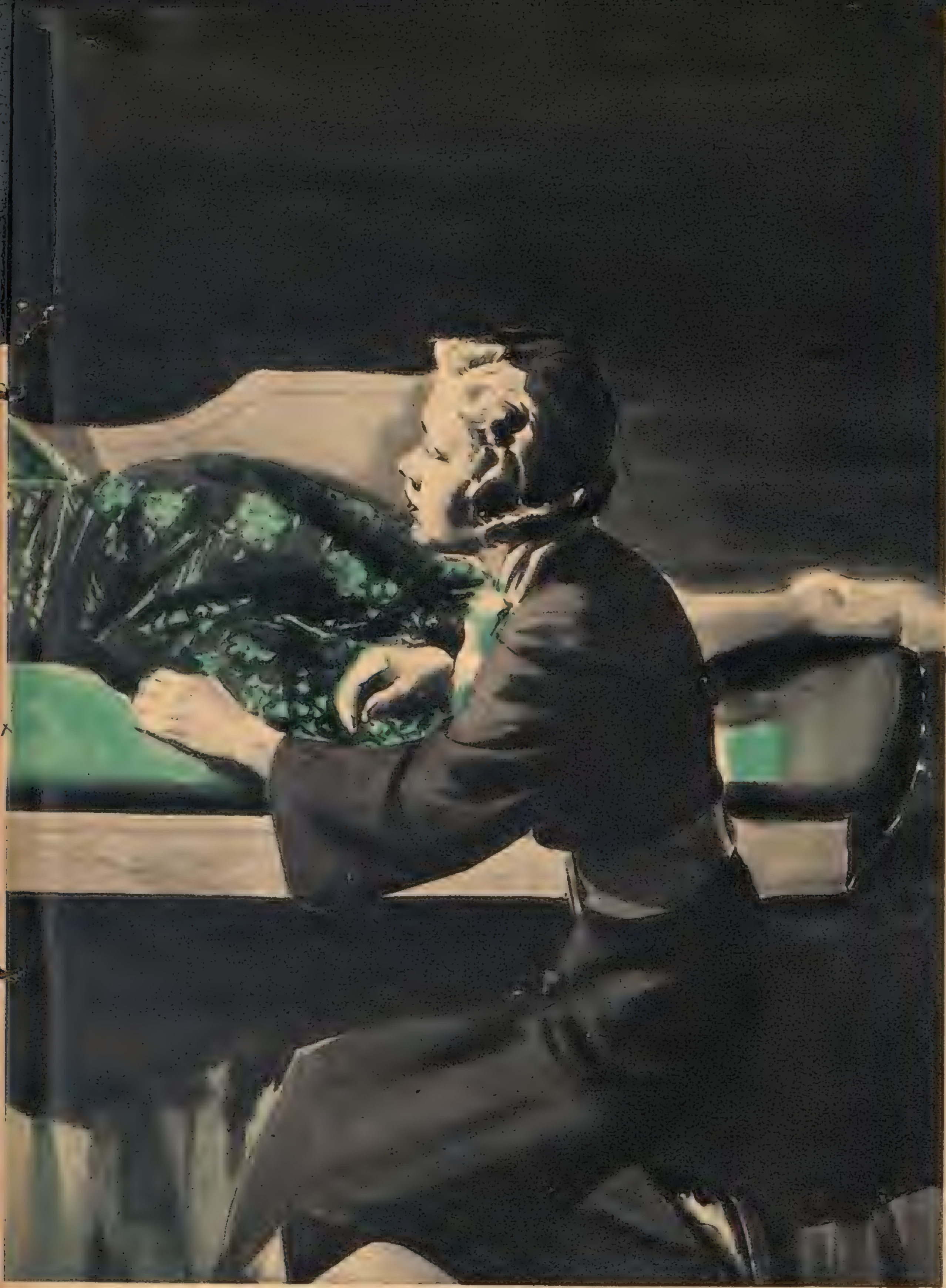
"Now let me tell you, Fred Robley"—her harsh voice above the orchestra—"it's all your fault. Every bit of it. Not letting me alone—when we were happy. All your talk about money, money, money—trying to make Stan look cheap, trying to spoil everything we had together. What has it got you? Not me. It's only changed me and Stan into other people—"

"Not quite so loud, Sara." His hand went up. "Not quite— Hadn't we better go home now?"

He rose and slapped money on the table.

Stiffly she went with him to the door. His car came up, as all material things did for Fred. She got into it mechanically, and heard him give the chauffeur his orders. They sat far apart in the very specially upholstered back seat. When the car stopped at her house they hadn't said a word.

She was in her bedroom, laughing thinly, It's all over



town. Everybody knows it. Fred did the dirty work. Why? He can't have me, and he loves to torture me. . . . Emmie and Stan, up there at Lake Merrymount. . . . Sally Percival's been run out of Sycamore Valley, practically. . . . Mrs. Rodney L. Gill and Mr. Stanley Freeman! . . . Jen said she could afford to have a hide-out. . . . The papers making fun of Emmie and Stan in Sally's hide-out. . . . Rod said that we're all yaller.

Next morning she went down to work, juggling ideas. She came on Jen in a rare moment of idleness and spoke forthrightly:

"Do you still want me to go to New York?"

"Holy dogs!" Jen paused to screw a cigarette in her long holder. "Aren't you the sudden kid? What's changed your mind?"

"I'd like to get away."

"Dodging something? Fred Robley, for instance?"

"Nothing so simple." Sara managed a cool smile. "As they say in Robinson Crusoe, I'd like to better my fortunes."

"Three cheers in heaven!" shouted Jen Riley. "But, dearie, the Madison Avenue place won't be open till late August. I've got to paddle up there myself in a couple of days, and take hell along with me. Think you could run this show till I get back? New York salary, minus commissions."

"I think I could." . . .

Fred Robley called her up dutifully every day. She hadn't much time to talk. They had forgiven each other, and were subtly on a new basis. Somehow they were taking each other for granted. His flowers in long, expensive boxes, stood at her landing when she got home at night.

JEN came home, mixing a jumble of praise for Sara's management with a jumble of invective for New York. The organizer had messed things so that they couldn't open right after Labor Day. But Sara had better pack her bundles and be ready to start.

Sara went home, tired of the great jamboree of management, but sorry it was over. Trying not to think further than a wrangle with the landlord over a future tenant, and the folding of clothes and a possible disposal of her furniture.

She went to lunch with Fred Robley. Today they were a guarded pair, talking lightly over their portions of guinea hen. We're used to each other in a funny way, she thought; about the way we'll be if we marry.

At Jen's door Sara stood and indulged her final thought of Fred. Poor dear, he has everything, and he achieves nothing. Not a darned thing.

She went in to work.

Jen Riley was tearing up a telegram, with murder flashing from her full brown eyes.

"Well, the damn chiseler got me. The New York deal's off. I'll start a lawsuit that'll make the Hauptmann trial look like a— It's O. K. by me! Let them have their screwy Madison Avenue dump. I'm going to Chicago."

"Now?"

"What's the difference, goop? Tomorrow—next week. I'll take with me a collection of clothes that'll make their eyes fall out like marbles. Will you run this shop while I'm gone?"

"Well, Jen—"

"Stop well-Jenning me. Will you, or won't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Sure, you will. If you don't I'll wring your darling little neck."

Jen Riley glided over to a wardrobe, slid back the doors, and began playing over silks and linens with fingers that were sensitive as a violinist's.

Sunset was hot over Cherry Street when Sara, tired as a fireman after a blazing emergency, saw a trig tan runabout pulling up in front of the crooked iron gate. She passed it, and was just going into her yard when a quiet pretty voice called after her, "Sara!" Emmie's face was peering out at her, pale through the rouge. Sara turned back to the gate, and would have hurried on, but Emmie came after her, her voice fluttering as she took hold of Sara's arm.

"Sara, please! Just a minute. Sara!"

A nerve sprang cold and steely up Sara's back as she turned steadily. Her face was very close to Emmie's when she asked:

"What do you want?"

"Won't you let me come up for a minute? Let me talk to you?"

"No."

Neither woman budged. It might have been a friendly conversation, they were so quiet. Sara was saying:

"Go away before I kill you. I will, if you don't go."

"I've got to tell you," the broken voice went on. Fishwife words came burning out of Sara's mouth.

"You dirty thief—sleeping around—making bums out of all the men! You've killed Rod. You're through with him. You wouldn't let us be happy, would you? Pull Stan into the muck. Leave him there. Get another one, you—"

"Don't, Sara. Please don't. It's Stan I want to talk about."

"I won't hear about him. Not from you. You can have him. But keep your silly mouth shut."

Sara held to the gate to keep herself from falling. Emmie too was sick and trembling, but she laid a hand on Sara's arm.

"If I can't come up," she begged, "come to the car. Let me talk, Sara. Let me."

Like an automaton, guided by Emmie's urgent hand, Sara went to the car and got in. Emmie leaned on the wheel, in the seat beside her.

"Sara," the broken voice said, "I know you don't want me to—I've got to stay until—"

"Until what? Is there any more harm you can do to us—to me?"

"It's not what you think of *me*, Sara—I'm sorry, that's all. It's about Stan."

Curiosity, deeper than rage or sorrow, moved Sara.

"Well, what about him?"

Emmie looked furtively up and down the empty street. Sara was thinking, I'm so close to her now I can hear her breathe. What's the matter with me? Have I turned to jelly? I could strangle her now.

"He's been with me—a great deal, Sara."

"You don't have to tell me that."

"Now you've got to listen!" Such earnestness, such urgency came into Emmie's voice that Sara had no strength to break the flow of speech. "I know what divorce is. Selfishness and cursing and something wild that drives you to it. Like suicide. The night you went to Florida Stan came to me. I was the only person he *could* go to and really talk. He wanted to follow you down to Florida. I told him not to. I told him not to make the same mistake again—"

"Yes, you would—"

"Yes, I think I wanted him. I don't know. I haven't known what I've wanted since Rod—" She whispered this, her face turned away. "I'm going to c-cry. Take me in, please—"

"Come on."

Sara, moved as Emmie was, but still erect with the cold steel in her spine, helped her out of the car and led her through the crooked gate.

Emmie's sobs had subsided; the racking shameless sobs of penitence. Sara had taken off her hat for her, and Emmie's fair hair was a tangle as she lay tumbled on the sofa, clutching at nothing, her face buried. This was no pretense. Sara leaned down miserably and took one of the clutching hands. Emmie held on frantically.

"What was it you wanted to say?" asked Sara, when Emmie lay still.

Emmie sat up, fumbled for a handkerchief, mopped her wet face, flung back her hair.

"I don't ask you to forgive me. You aren't doing that, are you, Sara?"

"No." Sternly.

"But it's about Stan. He went perfectly wild. I got him tight, lots of times, and put him to bed. He's been so good to me, Sara, and so good to Rod. It doesn't help much, does it, getting men drunk? I've had my experience. But I didn't know any other way to make him—forget things. He sort of clung to me, Sara. Yes, and I clung to him. We were two fellows in the same boat." She sat more erect and met Sara's eyes evenly. "But I sobered him up, Sara. I didn't want him to go that way."

"He lost his job." An echo of bitterness.

"No, he didn't. It was that garbage thing he'd been working on. He took it East and sold it to one of the big electric companies. But he came back to see me, wherever I was—all sorts of places—silly, silly places. He wasn't going to marry again. Neither of us was. We were hard at work forgetting, Stan and I. He'd be bitter, and he'd be satirical, and he'd congratulate you on being shut of him. He didn't want to know you were on earth. And you wouldn't have been, if he hadn't kept hauling you in. That was about how it went, until that week end at Lake Merrymount—Sally Percival's. I'd got around to her—"

Emmie's words were stifled to a low whisper. Her eyes were down, fixed on her nervous hands.

"Stan was there." A mumble. Sara shook her impatiently.

"I can't hear you. Stan was there—"

"And off the wagon. It's that way at Sally Percival's." Again the whisper. "There was a picnic; everybody pretty tight. Stan and I were alone. We were both desperate, don't you see? Ready to jump off something—or anything. We didn't know what we wanted. There was some silly pawing, the way people do when they're that way—"

"Emmie, you mustn't tell me—"

But the whisper went droning on: "Then I laughed and I said, 'Why not?' There was nobody around. I liked him better than the other men. He was holding me—so tight. We'd gone all fuzzy, losing our heads, down there under the trees. I was crazy. I thought I wanted—" Suddenly, frighteningly, Emmie opened her mouth and screamed, "Rod! Rod!"

She had trembled into silence, and Sara started to say, "Emmie, you mean—"

"I yelled that when Stan was holding me. 'Rod!' It didn't seem to be Stan holding me. But that was all—all there ever was. Stan looked like a ghost, getting up. He said, 'I know. It can't mean anything else to you. It's pretty much the same with me, Emmie.' We talked it over. We were both very quiet. Stan said, 'It's queer, how it's bound to mean just one thing, or else it's nothing at all.' He went East again that night."

They cried in each other's arms. Then Sara found strength to ask, "Who told you I wanted him back?"

"We RODEO GIRLS are telling the world you've got a treat coming in LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

●

ALICE GREENOUGH

RIDING HIGH!

by DORA MACY

Boy! What a Yarn!

Here is a real story of the real rodeo people—the people we live with, work with. We talk the way they do in RIDING HIGH. We act that way, too. And if you think it's too exciting to be true, take it from us—it's all true."—ALICE GREENOUGH, World Champion bronco rider and winner of trophies in all American rodeos, as well as in Australia, England, Spain, and South America.

"I saw Fred Robley this afternoon. He didn't say much. But somehow he made me feel—I ought to come to you."

Poor Fred, who had slid comfortably out of her life. In his self-indulgent secret heart he must have known that she was Stan's.

Sara, who had hated like a cornered animal, now poured her light upon the troubled soul beside her.

"You're so wonderful," said Emmie in her humbleness—"the way you can swallow your mistakes and be fair. Tell me. If I'd gone—all the way—with him, would you want him back?"

Sara paused a minute on that gnawing question. "Yes, Emmie! I'd have wanted him back—I'd have gone to him, even then."

"But you know—don't you, Sara?—that we don't mean anything—that way. He's yours, Sara. You'll be happy now, won't you?"

"Yes." Jubilant with a new high confidence. "I've wanted him back every minute. I've never forgotten the things—the real things about him."

Emmie was sitting there, so bowed down, so broken, that Sara slipped an arm across her shoulder and spoke the words that welled up from her heart:

"Emmie, remember what Stan said at the time when—when men tell the truth. Rod's all that it will ever mean to you, dear. You're divorced. What of it? Lawbooks are only a lot of words; they can't change our love to something else. Emmie, do what I'm going to do. Go back."

"Sara!" The hand tightened over hers. "Would he take me back? Would he?"

"You know he will."

"I—I made a bum of him." Despairing echo of Jen's harsh analysis.

"Then here's your chance, Emmie. Unmake him—do him over. We both married for love, dear. Stan and Rod were our first—"

Abruptly Emmie came to her feet.

"I'll go find him right away," she said. She was moving toward the door.

"Where's Stan now?"

"In Cincinnati. At the Riverview."

She had hardly closed the door when Sara ran to the telephone and called up Western Union.

NEXT morning Sara was going down to work, her footsteps gay as a dancer's, her smile a blessing on all the world. Even though Stan hadn't answered her telegram. There was plenty of time.

At the corner of Market and Pleasant streets, where the large newsstand was, her eyes caught by a big black headline:

RODNEY GILL KILLED
IN MOTOR CRASH

Young Millionaire's Car Hits Phone
Pole in Speedy Drive from . . .

Fred Robley called her at the shop, and his voice was brusque. "She's at her mother's house, and she wants to see you. Yes, it's pretty tough. Suppose I pick you up at three and take you over. At your flat? All right. 'By."

Driving over to Sycamore Valley, Sara said to Fred: "He was alone, wasn't he?"

"Yes. Nobody would go in his car, if they could help it, when he was that way."

"Did he do it, do you think—himself?"

"Not directly. You can't live long on ninety-proof at ninety miles an hour. Don't let's try to heroize him, Sara. Rod had his points, and I was sorry for him. Let's not think about it too much."

"I'm thinking about Emmie."

"Why should you? Rod was washed up, for her, long ago."

Thus Emmie's older second cousin, speaking of family affairs philosophically.

A QUIET old servant led Sara up to a tall green room. On a big four-poster a body was outlined under the quilt. Sara tiptoed across the rug and stood over Emmie. A hand stirred, and colorless lips made a cracking sound that seemed to be saying, "Is that you, Sara?"

"Yes, dear." She knelt, her head close to Emmie's moving lips.

Emmie's eyes opened, pools of wine gone flat.

"I killed him."

"Don't think that, honey. Everybody knows how he—"

"I killed him."

"But he was alone, dear. He must have been driving the way he does when he—"

"Why was he driving? I called him at the Country Club. I told him to come back. He was coming back to—"

Sara sank on her heels, closing her eyes against the horror of it. That was how Rod died. Racing back, heedless and wild, to regain his love. I put her up to it, Sara was telling God as she knelt there, praying. I tried to make her happy.

Emmie's hand went out, gripped her shoulder and drew her close.

"If you hadn't listened to me, Emmie—"

"Don't, please. After a while—I'm going to be glad—he went like that. Loving me. Loving each other—forgiving—"

Tremblingly Sara came to her feet, then heard the whispering voice, "You mustn't lose Stan—you mustn't—"

A trained nurse opened the door and motioned her to go. Too moved for tears, Sara kissed the cold lips of the woman who, in bitter loneliness, had tried to betray her.

Through the days that followed, the Christian barbarism of a High Church funeral, the consultation of doctors, the fuss and solemnity which surround a rich woman, grieving, Sara was with Emmie as much as they would let her be.

On the second day, Emmie opened

Another splitting Headache

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her eyes and asked listlessly, her voice hardly a whisper: "Did Stan come?"

"No."

On the third day Sara found Emmie sitting up in bed.

"Sara," said Emmie, in the slow way she had now, forming her every word with painful care, "haven't you heard anything from him?"

Sara sat down. "Not a word. I've wired, I've phoned. I can't make myself write, when he won't answer." She was trying so hard not to look downcast.

"Is he—still at the Riverview?"

"Yes. They say he is." Now was the time, Sara felt, to ask the favor she wanted to ask yesterday, the day before. "Emmie," she plunged in, "he won't come for me. He doesn't believe in me, Emmie."

"Why don't you go to Cincinnati? He'll believe, if he sees you."

"I've thought of that." She sat reflecting, puzzling it out. "If I went to him it wouldn't—mean the same thing. He ought to come home. That's the way it ought to be."

Emmie's eyes were on her, interested and alive. "But if he won't come, darling—"

"Emmie, will you do this for me? It's a lot to ask you. I know you aren't strong—"

"I'll do anything you want." The words were hardly out of her mouth when Sara seized the bedside telephone and set it in Emmie's lap.

"Stan will come, if you ask him to. Say *you* want him. Right away. Say that—"

Emmie's forefinger was turning the dial, and her voice was strong and natural. "Operator, get me long distance. . . . Long distance, get me Stanley Freeman, Hotel Riverview, Cincinnati. . . . Yes, say it's Mrs. Rodney Gill."

Then:

"Hello, Stan. . . . You've just heard?" Her voice broke for the first time. "Don't talk about it, dear. . . . Yes, Stan, I want to see you. Right away. I've got to have your advice. . . . Yes, a lot of things. . . . On the eight twelve? That's lovely of you, Stan. Lovely. . . ."

The receiver dropping back in its cradle sounded like a pistol in the silence.

"Emmie, he's coming back? He really is? Emmie!"

Emmie was listless again, lying against the piled pillows.

"You won't lose him now, will you?" asked the tired lips.

"No. I'll not lose him, because, Emmie, I'm going to tell him why—"

But Emmie turned her head away. She was too weak and worn to listen.

PACING the long, deserted station Sara thought how he would look, what he would say; planned what she would tell him.

She followed a straggling group through the sooty dampness to the gate of Track 6. Not many people met late trains in Delaine.

Then, through the iron slats, behind the sleepy drummers, she saw the dear lift of his head, higher than the others. He had a new hat. She saw the glitter of his glasses as he turned, and the flash of his white teeth as he joked the redcap with the bags.

Now he was coming closer. He had a worldly smoothed-out look, in his new gray suit. His face was older, stronger, better-looking. Now he was coming through the gate.

"Stan!"

He seemed to hear her with his whole body; he seemed not to believe he saw her. His face turned away, just a shade, as though he would pass her. But she wouldn't let him. Nervousness broke her smile into a laugh. "Stan! Where are you going, old-timer?"

And then the grandest thing in the world happened. Stan laughed too. Nervous laughter, but it was nice; and they stood in it, inanely shaking hands, muttering about this being wonderful, exactly as though they both thought it was an accident. "But for the love of tripe, Sara. how'd you get here?"

"I came to meet you. Emmie couldn't. She's asleep." Things were happening behind his face. She said quickly, all in the same breath, "Where do you want to go?"

He looked squarely in her eyes, considering. "I'm hungry," he said. "First of all I'll get something to eat." He looked toward the lunchroom.

"I'm hungry too," she said. She slipped her arm through his, and started them toward the lunchroom.

They sat on tall stools and ordered milk and crackers and baked apples. She even coaxed him to have some scrambled eggs. It was all very light, very infantile and gay. Stan's kidding wasn't up to his form; it was an effort, and she felt it. A dun quiet fell between them. She leaned toward him; her cheek brushed his shoulder.

"Emmie didn't want you, Stan. I did. She telephoned for me." He drained his milk, put down his glass. She waited, but he said nothing.

"I had to talk to you, Stan."

"It seemed to me you said about all there was to say."

"When?"

"When you divorced me. Like that."

SARA was dreadfully moved; so was he. She could feel it. She could feel his hurt, too; it was greater, she felt now, than the torture she'd dealt herself. Her heart was full to bursting.

"That's what I wanted to tell you, Stan."

"You don't have to. I know."

"But you don't know why."

"Does it matter why?" Hardly looking at her now.

"It matters awfully to me. That's why I wired you. And you didn't even answer."

"There wasn't any answer."

"Maybe not. I'd have come to Cincinnati myself to tell you, but—"

"But you didn't care that much."

"I cared too much," she said.

"You wanted to save your pride."

"No, Stan. My pride's not like that any more. I—I didn't want to embarrass you. But I would have come—if Emmie hadn't helped me. I know it was a trick, and you don't like tricks. But, Stan, it was my whole life—my whole life, Stan. And I hope it's yours too."

He took money from his pocket; he signaled to a porter. He was on his feet, bringing her up with a rough hand. "This is no place to talk," he said, and marched her across the station to a taxi.

The cabman looked down with his inquisitive, "Where to?"

"Cherry Street," said Stan, and got in beside her. He sat very close, took her hand and tucked it inside his own.

"You see, Stan, we were making such a mess of it, quarreling over nothing all the time. And we couldn't stop; we didn't know how. We didn't know anything, except loving each other—that kind of love. And it wasn't enough. We were killing that too, Stan. We were changing it—using it. And I was worse than you were, Stan."

"No, kid. No. I was terrible."

"No, you weren't. But you weren't grown up, either. And marriage is for grown people, Stan. Kids can't take it. I thought and thought and thought. Then I seemed to understand. If we could just start again, clean. Knowing what we've learned and a lot else."

"What else?"

"Knowing how to hold on to ourselves. Thinking of each other—not just about each other. Why, Stan, we were selfish without even knowing we were selfish. Only one thing was right—we loved each other, and we were poisoning that to death, Stan. Bickering about nothing, quarreling over furniture and jobs and smells—and Emmie. Things that don't matter a darn. We needed to grow up. We needed to go through hell—"

"Well, you fixed that all right," Stan said.

"Did you mind dreadfully, Stan?"

"It broke me all to pieces. You put me through hell, Sara."

"I put us both through." She was struggling now to put into words the reasons she had saved for him all these lonely months. "Stan, we'd about reached the bottom, that last night we were together. We were both lost, I thought."

"Yes, we were pretty bad," he mumbled.

"Then a light came to me—right through the wall. I wasn't muddled any more. I saw what to do, plain as plain, Stan." His brow was wrinkled, but she kept on steadily, driving the truth in—the truth as she had seen it.

"Stan, I couldn't hold on to you just because you married me. When I went away from you, I wanted to give you your choice. I knew what it would be. We wouldn't stay apart. We couldn't."

The silence pressed on the windows, the cab was full of its throb.

"Stan, we had to start clean again," she cried into the dark. "That's what we had to do. Start clean. We had to tear that marriage down, because it was rotting, Stan. Every day I felt it dying. We couldn't go on like that, quarreling horribly, then making it up the same way—in bed."

"We were pretty young," he said thickly.

"We're not that any more!" she cried in triumph. "We've grown up. We've saved the best and junked the rotten part. We were such dumb raw kids, Stan. But the thing we had between us was so—precious." Again she struggled for expression. "Darling, we aren't twisted any more. Because we've grown straight. The other thing wasn't good enough, Stan. Not for you or for me."

He seemed to speak out of a vast silence: "Even if you loved me, and I loved you?"

Oh, blessed commonplace words!

"My dearest, can't I make you understand? I did it to save our love. The love never left me for a minute. But I wasn't coming back to you with the job half finished. I saw it through, Stan! I saw it through! We had to get rid of that rotten marriage, and get a new one. To save us for each other."

The cab had stopped. The man had opened the door; he was staring, asking if they were getting out. "Bring up the bags," said Stan tersely as he helped Sara to the sidewalk.

They mounted the stairs slowly, Stan close behind her. At the top he took her latchkey and opened the door.

Without a backward look she ran to the bedroom, turned on the lights, and took off her street things. Stan was outside, paying the cabman and disposing the bags. It was a grand thump that set the bags down. She heard his steps coming down the hall, joyful steps. She was struggling into a negligee when he came through the door. It fell to the floor when he took her in his arms.

"Gosh, it's good to be home again!" And here were kisses, wilder, sweeter, than in the hour of her first surrender; the full tide of him swept over her; yielding, she knew what victory was. She lay in his arms, warmed by him, realizing how cold she had been without him. His head was on her breast, his eyes swimming into hers. It was like a spoken question. She nodded, like a spoken answer.

"We can't get married now, Sara; I've got to take the seven thirty-six for Indianapolis—"

"Any time. What difference does it make? I've never been unmarried to you, Stan." She spoke out of heaven. This might not be legal, but it was right. We're more married now than we were before; as much as we'll be tomorrow, or next week, or whenever we get the time. Tonight is ours. We've earned it.

Stan's big shoes, hitting the floor, made a happy healthy sound. . . .

Toward morning, lying close, smoking in the fading dark, he told her about his new job. He had put away the advance they gave him on the destroyer, and some day there would be a royalty. He wasn't making a lot right now, but the future looked swell, and they could manage week ends, he thought. She'd better not give up her job just yet. If she could come over to Indianapolis on Saturday they could get married. Could she? Sure, she could; she'd love to. "Better do it," he said; "saves questions and stuff." And in the fall, probably—would she mind living in a little dump near the mills for a while?

"Darling, we're not minding things from now on. See?"

"I mind the sun's coming up," Stan said. "Oh, dear God, what makes You let the sun come up so quick?"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 52

1—Walter P. Chrysler.

2—No; a beer gallon (282 cubic inches) is larger than a wine gallon (231 cubic inches).

3—John Walker, in 1827.

4—The carotid.

5—Yes, the archer fish is said to thus bring down its prey.

6—Walter Hagen, American golfer.

7—Dartmouth.

8—Shortsightedness.

9—The muezzin of a mosque.

10—The peccary.

11—General Erich von Ludendorff.

12—From a remark made by the Progressive Party's Presidential nominee, Theodore Roosevelt: "I feel as fit as a bull moose."

13—The Seven Sleepers.

14—Los Angeles, California.

15—The author of A Message to Garcia was aboard the Lusitania when the liner was torpedoed, May 7, 1915.

16—The toad.

17—Edmund Spenser.

18—John the Baptist. Matthew 3: 4—"and his meat was locusts and wild honey."

19—Standing.

20— Ruth Etting

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Vox Pop

Mr. Lloyd Fisher and the Ends of Justice

SILVER CREEK, N. Y.—Speaking from the standpoint of a professional man, when I saw the heading in August 1 Liberty, namely, The Case New Jersey Would Like to Forget, I said audibly, "Yes, and the people of the world!"

Why not let a sleeping dog rest? I believe the world has heard enough about Hauptmann and the Lindbergh case, and as to Curtis—well, that may be interesting from a space-filler angle; but let's drop the whole affair and have more space for Macfadden's editorials, for they give kind light to the tired soul.—*Howard H. Parsons.*

COVINGTON, KY.—I have just read the second installment of The Case New Jersey Would Like to Forget. It is very interesting indeed, and I know from the perusal of the first two that the subsequent parts will undoubtedly be still more interesting.

It is about time that John Hughes Curtis was vindicated. I am and have been always convinced that what he did was open and aboveboard, and could never understand just why Lindbergh acted as he did.

I trust that what Mr. Lloyd Fisher will still further state will lead to a reopening of the case, so that the ends of justice may be met. Although it will not bring Hauptmann back from the grave, still it may send some others there who ought to have gone long ago.

What you have already shown should exonerate John Hughes Curtis of any culpability.—*Charles W. Reynolds, M. D.*

DETROIT, MICH.—C. Lloyd Fisher made a statement in August 8 Liberty which is false and unjust and should therefore be corrected. One of the kidnapers' names was given as George Olaf Larsen, and twice he was mentioned as "a Swede."

Any Scandinavian can tell you that Olaf Larsen is not a Swedish name but must be either Norwegian or Danish. This mistake is an insult to the Swedish nationality. To drag down a nationally proud people by a dirty lie is inexcusable and will create many thousands of enemies.

Hoping that your correction is forthcoming—*J. R. Richer.*

READER EXAMINES HIS MIND

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Am I a constant reader of Liberty? Of course I am.

Do I like Vox Pop? Tremendously.

Do I try to solve Liberty's contests? Faithfully.

Do I think they are on the level? Of course I don't.

Will I keep on trying them? Of course.

Does it make sense? It doesn't.

But thanks for the most enjoyable magazine for a nickel.—*Ralph Cangas.*

STOICALLY SILENT PRESIDENTS

LYNCHBURG, VA.—Just finished reading that sickening article by Charles W. Duke on the late President Coolidge (August 29 Liberty). I want to respect the memory of every President of the United States, regardless of political affiliations. I appreciate Mr. Duke's loyalty to "Cal," but he certainly made him out to be a spineless and lifeless man before his untimely end.

Did our great Presidents remain "stoically silent" when they thought doom was facing their country? Did Washington remain stoically silent? Did Jefferson remain stoically silent? Did "Teddy" Roosevelt remain stoically silent? Or did they pray at night and go forth the next day to fight their Congresses or whatever stood in their way? If you want a President to remain stoically silent, elect a deaf-and-dumb man.

I don't know any more than you do what the United States wants or needs in our next President; but I am quite positive that it is *not* "stoical silence."—*A Virginian.*

WHAT'S IN AN ANAGRAM?

DALLAS, TEX.—The other day Ripley had an anagram of the name Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Good idea, says I to myself, says I. So I worked up one.

Using the letters in the name Franklin Delano Roosevelt, I seem to get the words:

LIES RANKLE
VOTE FOR LANDON

Is that advice, truth, prophecy, or anagrams gone nuts?—*Norman H. Crowell.*

MOVIE SHORTEST SHORT

GUTTENBERG, IA.—
Every Night at Eight
The Bride Walks Out
Reckless Roads
The Bride Comes Home
Snowed Under.—*Harold Pink.*

SOUTH AFRICA DISCOVERS US

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—Have just discovered your magazine. Please don't smile and whisper to yourself, "Say, buddy, you're ten years late and about the two millionth."

Yesterday I wandered into a secondhand bookshop and, after rummaging about, came across a half dozen Libertys. I glanced through them—and did I snap them up at two cents a time?

Herewith a year's subscription. I sure like your magazine. Everything is so snappy—even the Vox Pop letters. It surely must have a universal appeal. There's something in it for every one, no matter what his walk in life, and I should imagine it sets the changing standards and trend of American-magazine literature.—*S. L. Boschoff.*

AUGUST 15 AMATEUR PRIZE WINNERS

The first prize of $25 goes to Helen Bullock of Dallas, Texas, for her poem, Evidence. The $10 second prize goes to Louis Gross of Toronto, Ontario, for his drawing of Major Bowes. Three awards for third place go to Frank Fiddes, Buffalo, New York, for his cartoon; to Edith Zittler of Chicago, Illinois, for her quip; and to Harry A. Stone of Toronto, Ontario, for his cartoon.

WANTS "COMPOSITE DOGS" AGAIN

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I thought you might be interested in knowing how happy your magazine has made my family for the past twelve years.

Not long after Liberty was first put on the market, you had a contest. It was composite dogs. We won one of the prize dogs and still have him.

He—Mohawk's Palachio Laddy Boy—is twelve years old and still loves to hunt. Don't imagine he will live many years, so give us another contest of this kind.—*A Liberty Lover.*

"GOOD TURN" TO BOY SCOUTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That fine cover on August 15 Liberty by Mr. Monte Crews is a tribute to the Boy Scouts of America and we look upon it as a "good turn" to our membership which is now more than a million. We want you to know that we appreciate your help.

We hope that Liberty will assist us sometime before next summer to stimulate public interest in our National Jamboree, which takes place at Washington, D. C., June 30 to July 9.—*Boy Scouts of America, James E. West, Chief Scout Executive.*

MULE BRAYS IN RUSSIAN NOW

El Centro, Calif.—Mr. Macfadden's recent editorial on radio as a cause of drought had a disastrous effect on my pet mule. I loved my radio so much that I went and got on a big drunk for the first time in my life. Too poor to buy any whisky, I made my own, as follows:

I cooked me up some vodka here on the desert, using materials from an old recipe by the late Will Rogers. Added to mash I used six pairs of Russian boot tops, one complete set of Russian whiskers, and two big rattlesnake heads.

A quart of that vodka and I quit all my radio-guilt worry. At sundown I set the vodka barrel outside to cool overnight, and my pet mule came and drank from it instead of from his usual water barrel.

Next morning that mule had grown rattles on his tail and was braying in Russian!—*Lowell Drake.*

BEVERLY'S MISTAKES

Cincinnati, Ohio—What does this person called Beverly Hills write for, anyway—the art of making mistakes? Please let me call attention to the fact that in your August 22 issue Mr. Hills says, in his criticism of the picture Suzy, that Benita Hume shoots Cary Grant in an odd bit of left-handed revenge.

If Mr. Hills saw the picture he should have noticed that Miss Hume's butler shot Grant when he approached his drawn gun. Liberty is a great magazine, but such mistakes are quite inexcusable.—*Frank Grayson.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—If your movie editor, Beverly Hills, would get her (or his) facts correct before printing them, perhaps the movie people in Hollywood would not seem so ridiculous in the eyes of their fans.

In the Vital Statistics of the review of Pepper (August 22 issue) the author states that Slim Summerville has a home on the water's edge at Hermosa Beach from where he casts out of his bedroom window. Did you ever hear of anything so silly?

First of all, Hermosa Beach is so crowded with people that very little surf fishing is done, and in the second place I doubt if there is a single house closer than seventy yards from the water. Some casting, I'd say!—*Samuel Glassberg.*

St. Louis, Mo.—Beverly Hills pulls some sweet boners in his (her?) reviews, but why worry about them when you are treated to the sparkling writing of a shrewd critic who knows what's going on behind the screen and is not easily fooled in front?—*Angela Cutting.*

"LAWS SHOULD GOVERN US—NOT MEN"

Tampa, Fla.—The editorial by Bernarr Macfadden in August 22 Liberty is, in my opinion, a political "classic." I do not always agree with Mr. Macfadden's views, but when he says that "fundamental principles do not change any more than does the solution of a mathematical problem," he is 100 per cent right.

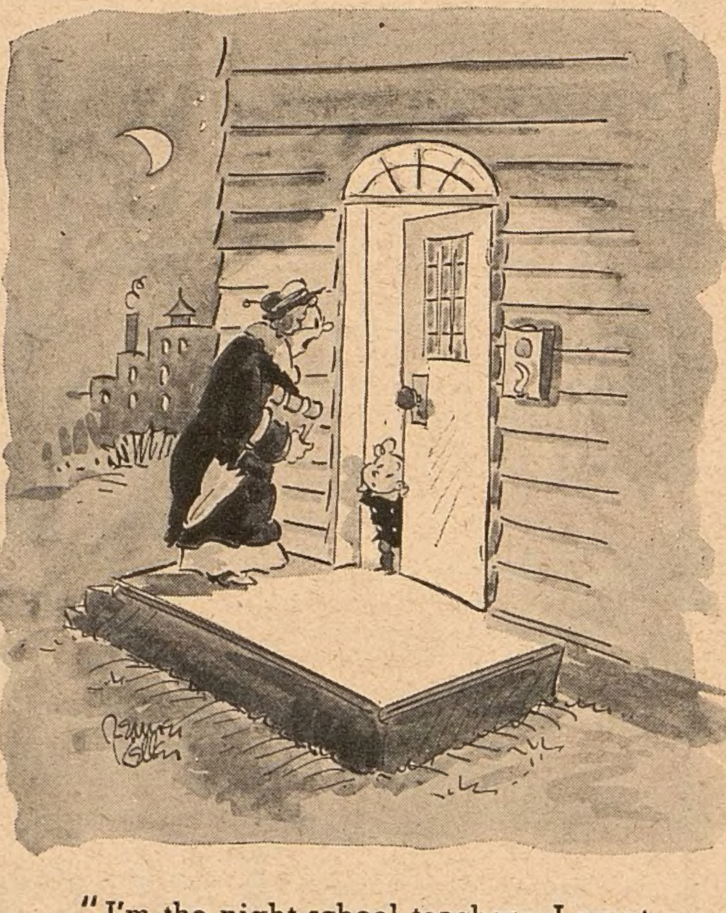
To my mind, what we need more than anything else is easy recall. The average officeholder is scared of only one thing: that's his job. And if we want to put the fear of God in his heart, just make it easy for the people to fire him.—*C. N. Smith.*

Pittsburgh, Pa.—So your brilliant publisher believes that laws should govern us—not men? At least, so he asserts in the August 22 Liberty. And how would he suggest that laws and men be separated? Perhaps he would like to use some mechanized political robots—puppet Republicans, for example.

Mr. Macfadden certainly must have cogitated profoundly before writing such a penetrating editorial. A magnificent piece of subtle mud-slinging.—*J. W. Hewitt.*

Boston, Mass.—I take my hat off to Mr. Macfadden for his editorial of August 22. My only wish is that everybody in the good old United States would read his editorials and enjoy them as I do.—*Samuel C. Silver.*

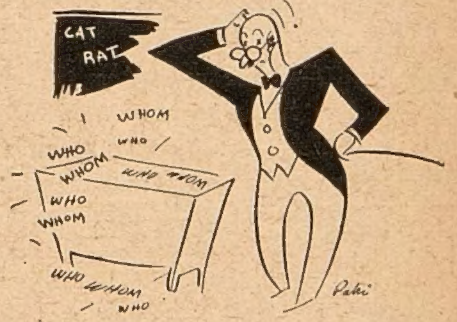
"HARDTACK"



"I'm the night-school teacher—I want to speak to you about your father."

SUCH A ENGLISH!

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Hi! Waddaya mean "The Big Stick was swung by WHO?" in the twentieth question in your issue dated for my birthday, August 22? For most of my sixty-seven years I've been a schoolteacher and newspaper writer and editor trying to make folks follow prepositions by the objective, and now you go and spoil everything for millions of readers who believe everything Liberty does is perfect!



Such a English!—*Edward E. Webb.*

SHOVEL SOUNDS TOO CUTE

Hillside, Ariz.—I am much intrigued by the description of the new WPA shovel in It Happened In of your August 15 issue. It sounds just too cute. One does rather wonder, however, just what our WPA workers in Arizona would do with them, as with the ordinary old-fashioned type they are managing to build some excellent badly needed roads. The temperature is 120° in the shade, and they are in the sun, rolling "pebbles" that weigh hundreds of pounds.

Some of our brave bribed citizenry drive by in their high-powered cars around twelve noon, notice the WPA men eating their lunches in the shade, dash madly to the first inkpot they can find, and bellow brilliantly about the time WPA men are wasting. The WPA men don't have time to read what they say, and the BBCs get good money for writing it; so everything is fine.

But, really, we would just love to try out that idea, and I wondered if the author of that charming little article didn't have some such attachment on his pen? He must surely need it to give his brain a rest. I suggest he let us try it out, and we will let him have a WPA shovel and an eight-hour day of Arizona sunshine, to see whether he feels as if he has done a day's work when he is through.—*Sadie T. Walker.*

CHOICE STORIES SELL

Springfield, Mass.—Your choice selection of stories in the last few months has tripled the sales of Liberty for me on my newsstand.

Captain W. J. Blackledge's stories are the best ever printed. —*Dan Halloran.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

ALCATRAZ ISLAND PRISON, CALIF.--Prison officials placed the book How to Swim in Ten Easy Lessons on the banned list as unsuitable reading material for convicts on this island.

TOLEDO, OHIO—After spending the day packing beans in large bags at a WPA warehouse, Mrs. Dorothy Ray spent the evening opening the bags and dumping the beans on the floor, looking for her wrist watch.

WHEELING, W. VA.—A soft-coal miner arrived at the church on his wedding day. His fiancée looked at him sharply and called it all off. She explained she never before had had a chance to see her fiancé with his face washed.

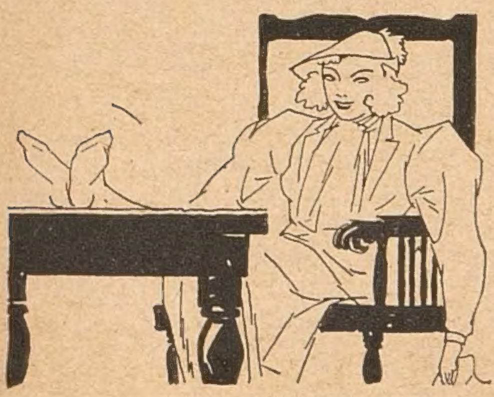
HANCOCK, N. H.—Edward Weston consults his beard as a barometer. Rain may be expected whenever the curls straighten out.

BOSTON, MASS.—Police, investigating a report that a dead man was lying on a ledge outside a sixth-floor window of a business building, found Thomas Doyle, window washer, who sat up and yawned: "I was just taking a little nap."

MADISON, WIS.—A woman marched into Governor Philip La Follette's ornate reception chamber and dropped sighing into a huge leather-cushioned chair. She took off her shoes, put her feet on the massive carved table, smiled a minute, and stepped back into her shoes. Then, before shocked employees could even ask her name, she left, remarking:

"There—I guess I've got something for my money now!"

It was believed she was a taxpayer.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

This was caught in a rural restaurant in Texas:

Our steak might be tough, but think how tough it would be to have no steak.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER MODELED BY LEE BROWN

"$10,000 OR WE'LL THROW ACID IN YOUR FACE!"

THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD MAE WEST!

The sinister hand of an unknown extortioner reached out for one of the world's best known movie stars in the latest racket of the gang world—

BLACKMAIL and EXTORTION

Repeal knocked out the thugs of poison liquor; G-men have made kidnaping perilous for gangsters. Driven into a corner, the underworld has now turned to a new and more cowardly attack.

Hollywood is the hunting ground for these new racketeers—Hollywood with its dizzy movie fortunes. SCOTT LITTLETON, Investigator for the District Attorney of Los Angeles, has dug deep into hundreds of these cases and next Wednesday in Liberty he reveals to you the thrilling story of his battles with these cruelest of criminals.

WHY KILL THE UMPIRE?

The inside story of the man who stands alone on the world's diamonds—friend of neither fan nor player. They're human, these umpires—or are supposed to be—but they're not supposed to make mistakes. *And they seldom do!* Read Frank "Buck" O'Neill's revealing article on the men behind the bat in Liberty next week!

ALSO stories and articles by Borden Chase, David Sarnoff, Katharine Haviland-Taylor, Bert Green, Madame Sylvia, and others. And—

RIDING HIGH—A thrilling new serial by **DORA MACY**
author of Ex-Mistress and Public Sweetheart Number One

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE SEPT. 30

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Oc
3

Even these young citizens have a stake in

TIME PAYMENT PURCHASING

MODERN REFRIGERATORS keep their food wholesome. Modern cooking ranges make mothers' tasks easier . . . save their energies, health and time for the children who need loving care. Modern oil and gas burners keep homes comfortable with healthful, even-tempered heat. And modern automobiles provide bad-weather transportation to school . . . to church . . . fair-weather transportation to parks, beaches, country. Children *need* fresh air and recreation. Automobiles have helped transplant thousands of families from crowded cities to low-rent homes in suburban communities.

These are but a few instances of "child welfare" traceable to budgeted time payment purchasing . . . a program which Commercial Credit Company has been promoting successfully for more than twenty years.

The low cost and the safety of Commercial Credit financing have been proved by the experiences of millions of satisfied users. When you buy anything requiring time payments, always remember the COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY. Ask any reputable dealer about it.

CCC
SAFETY PLAN

One of the country's largest factors in the financing of automobile purchases, Commercial Credit Company urges motorists everywhere to cooperate in promoting motoring safety.

CHECK YOUR BRAKES
CHECK YOUR SPEED
CONSIDER OTHERS

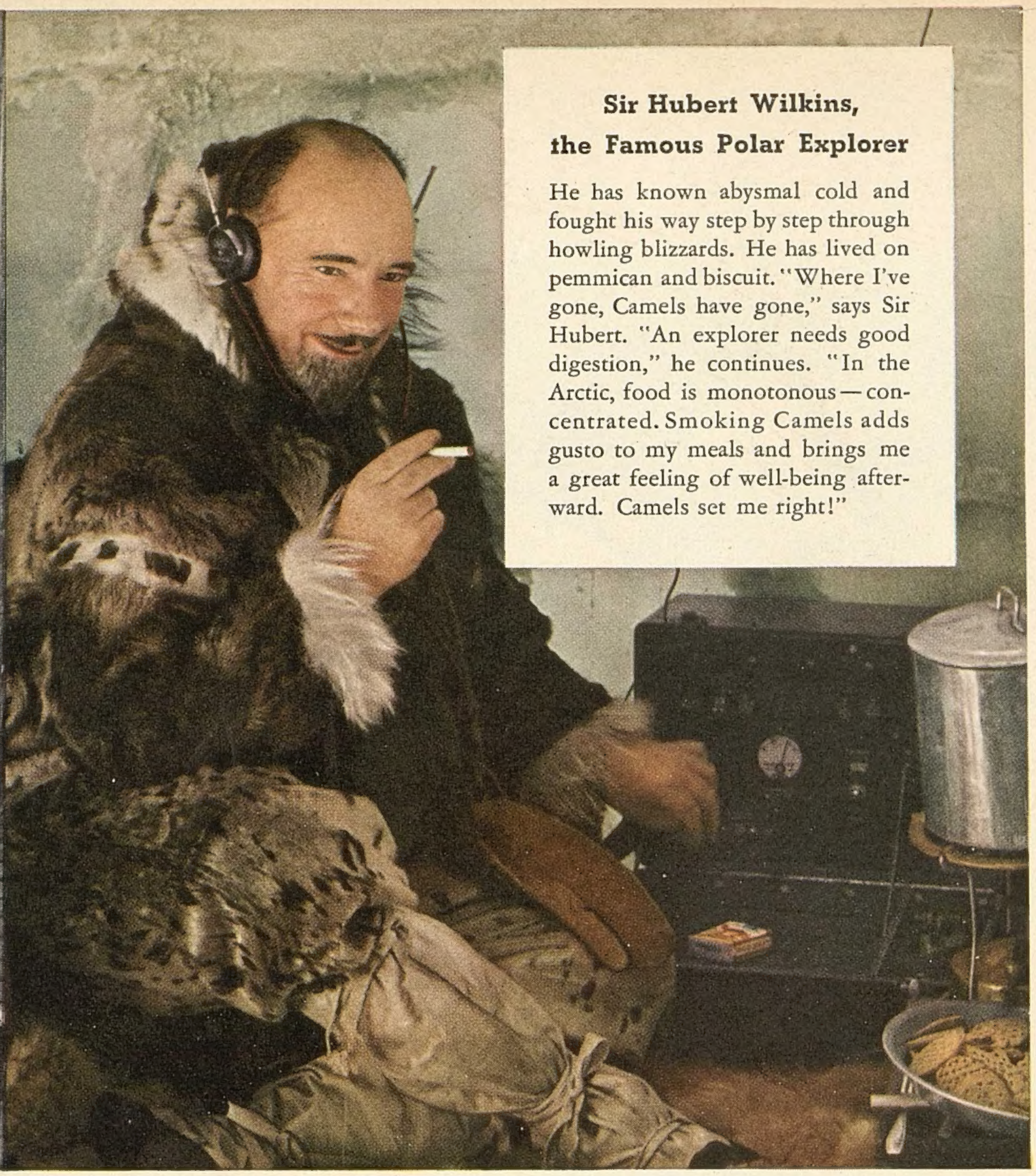
CONSTANT CAR CONTROL
Will Save Lives

COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY

COMMERCIAL BANKERS

FINANCING SERVICE FOR MANUFACTURERS, DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGH 171 OFFICES IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

"YOU KNOW HOW one ride feels," says Al McKee, shown at controls. "I do it all day long. Yes, sir, I've found Camels promote good digestion."



Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Famous Polar Explorer

He has known abysmal cold and fought his way step by step through howling blizzards. He has lived on pemmican and biscuit. "Where I've gone, Camels have gone," says Sir Hubert. "An explorer needs good digestion," he continues. "In the Arctic, food is monotonous—concentrated. Smoking Camels adds gusto to my meals and brings me a great feeling of well-being afterward. Camels set me right!"

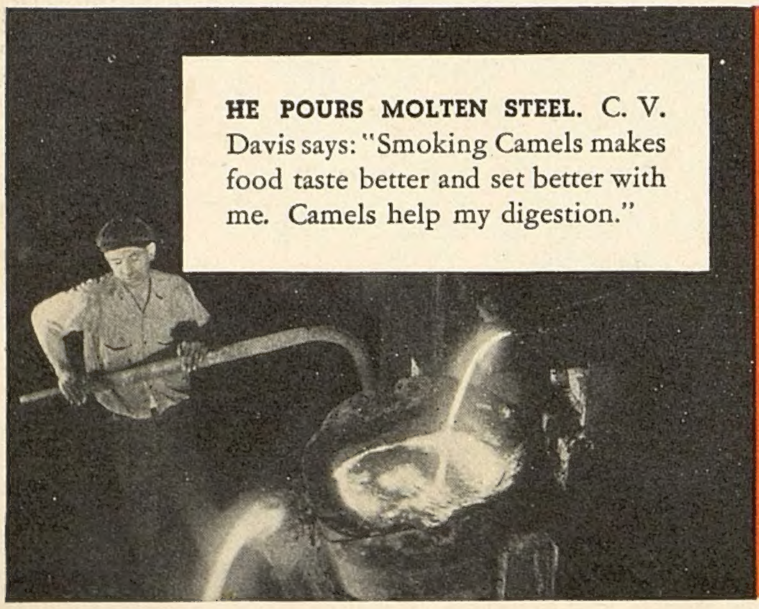
ENJOY CAMELS OFTEN...FOR A CHEERY "LIFT" ...FOR A SENSE OF WELL-BEING...AND

"For Digestion's Sake ...Smoke Camels!"

It's not alone *what* you eat. How you *digest* it counts a lot. And, day by day, interesting men and women in every level of American life add new experiences, showing that smoking Camels encourages good digestion and a sense of well-being.

Camels help in two special ways. Tension is eased. And the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—is increased. Join the Camel smokers! Enjoy Camel's mildness and finer flavor—Camel's energizing "lift" and aid to digestion. *Camels set you right!*

HE POURS MOLTEN STEEL. C. V. Davis says: "Smoking Camels makes food taste better and set better with me. Camels help my digestion."



CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

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